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## CHRONICLE.

WHO is to be the Commander-in-Chief when the Duke leaves his post is the question now on everybody's lips. It admits of but one answer, in our judgment. Two soldiers, and only two, have reached the highest rank in the service: both Viscount Wolseley and Lord Roberts are full Generals and Field-M Marshals, and both have commanded armies in the field with ability and success. We have never attempted to conceal our belief that Viscount Wolseley is far the abler man of the two, and this opinion is curiously corroborated by the fact that Lord Roberts has never formed a school, whereas Sir Gerald Graham, Sir Redvers Buller, and many others owe their present positions, in part at least, to the fact that Garnet Wolseley first recognized their ability and gave them a chance of showing what was in them.

Sir Gerald Graham and Lord Wolseley were in the Crimea together as subalterns, and afterwards fought side by side in China. With characteristic generosity Lord Wolseley speaks of this companion in arms as "perhaps the bravest man, the man most insensible to danger, I ever knew." Sir Redvers Buller, too, fought in that Chinese campaign of 1860-61; but it was under Colonel Wolseley, on the Red River Expedition, that he first showed his mettle, and four years later he served again under the same Commander through the Ashanti War. Sir Redvers Buller is six years junior to Lord Wolseley, and has never had supreme command of an army in the field.

Since it has been made known that the Ex-Secretary of State for War definitely decided that Sir Redvers Buller should be promoted over the heads of his superior officers to be Chief of the Staff, or whatever the successor to the Duke as Commander-in-Chief of the Army may be called, nearly all the penny papers have begun to adopt our opinion of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Months ago we ventured to say that he was "one of the worst Ministers for War ever known," and that his "able conduct of the War Office" consisted in making himself the servile mouthpiece of the permanent officials. And now it appears that he reckoned upon his reputation for good humour to win him pardon for one of the most shameful political jobs ever contemplated. Sir Redvers Buller is a Radical and Home Ruler (the only one to be found, we imagine, in the higher ranks of the army), and this appears to be the only conceivable reason why Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should have sought to exalt him over his seniors in age and superiors in rank, experience, and ability.

It is well to know that Lord Lansdowne will not countenance his predecessor's job. We feel sure that

under his parliamentary régime Viscount Wolseley will become the military head of the army. We may then hope that in time our expensive army may be rendered as efficient, say, as that of Bulgaria, which costs one-tenth as much. By the by, a correspondent has written asking us why we gave Lord Lansdowne instead of Lord George Hamilton credit for the supposed resolve to withdraw from Chitral. Lord Lansdowne, our friend tells us, is Secretary of State for War, whereas Lord George Hamilton is Secretary of State for India. True enough, and he might have added that the Hon. George Curzon is Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Decisions of the Cabinet are not arrived at on the sole advice of a single Minister. Lord Lansdowne knows ten times as much about India as Lord George Hamilton; he was Under-Secretary for India from 1880 to 1885, and from 1888 to 1894 he was Viceroy. It is only reasonable to suppose that his voice would count for more in such a discussion as that involved in the retention or abandonment of Chitral than the opinion of Lord George Hamilton. For though Lord G. Hamilton has charming manners and much fairness of mind, he is not very determined, and for lack of special knowledge cannot be expected to have much influence over his colleagues. Lord Lansdowne, on the other hand, is a man whose judgment carries weight, and he has the necessary experience to boot. We hope that Mr. Curzon's opinion will be taken for what it is, an echo of Lord Roberts'.

A great many persons are wondering why the illustrious Mr. James Stansfeld has been made a Knight; a few are curious to know why he accepted so infinitesimal an honour. We do not believe that Lord Rosebery is to be either praised or blamed for conferring this distinction, which has been awarded in consonance with all the precedents. Mr. Stansfeld, or rather the Right Honourable Mr. Stansfeld, was a Cabinet Minister of some standing, more closely connected, indeed, with the Local Government Board than any other man. The Queen, it is said, thinks that every Cabinet Minister should belong to the Order of the Bath and be a member of the Privy Council. It was, therefore, only natural that Her Majesty should offer the Right Hon. Mr. Stansfeld a "handle to his name" on the occasion of his retirement from active parliamentary life.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, whose article on the Armenian atrocities in the current number of the "Contemporary" is so much to Mr. Gladstone's mind, is an Irish Celt by birth and a cosmopolitan by choice or necessity. He lived long in Russia and soaked himself so successfully in Russian characteristics that now a Slavonic content beams from his genial countenance. Seriously, he is a brilliant journalist; he won his spurs and showed his powers on the "Fortnightly Review," where his articles on Russia were sufficiently strong and stinging. He gravitated by natural affinity to the "Daily Telegraph."

His knowledge of the Armenian atrocities is simply marvellous. For nearly forty pages he piles up the agony, the names of the sufferers, the details of the crimes, with the naked exuberance of a Zola. What we would like to know is not how Dr. Dillon learned Turkish in a few days, or visited all Armenia in fewer weeks, but what language does not Dr. Dillon know, or is he not prepared to acquire perfectly at a moment's notice and after a few hours' application; and in what country will not his keen scent guarantee to find interest for sensation-lovers in copy for the "Daily Bellowgraph"?

The Nationalists promise us plenty of entertainment for the winter. The session has not yet begun and already Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Healy are at one another's throats, if so violent an expression may be allowed in the case of so mild a gentleman as the former. Mr. McCarthy accuses Mr. Healy of having given the Unionists their majority. It is well to have our doubts as to the cause of our victory resolved by an authoritative statement. He also charges Mr. Healy with breach of faith and with treachery; and the member for North Louth retaliates with his usual acrimony. The quarrel is no affair of ours, but it is at least interesting to learn that Mr. Healy is determined to force the fighting. His following has been growing noticeably affectionate towards Mr. Redmond of late; but now we hear that at the meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party next week he intends to dish his adversaries with a new programme, which will include the abandonment of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme and the substitution of Repeal. It is impossible to say what will be the result of this bold move, but in any case the Nationalists will find themselves in a dilemma. If they accept Mr. Healy's motion they will cut themselves off from the Radicals without hope of return; while, if they reject it, the industrious member for North Louth will secede with his eight and forty adherents, and the Irish camp will be permanently divided into three distinct parties, with three entirely different policies.

The Bulgarian muddle has attained a degree of chaotic involution which it seems fair to suppose comes close to the obtainable maximum of confusion. It follows that we may begin now to look for signs of a clearing-up. The one thing that is manifest is that Russia will have nothing to do with Prince Ferdinand at any price. This he himself, after all his humiliating abasements, has been compelled to recognize. The question is what he will do now that he understands so much. Surprising as it may seem to those who view Bulgarians as though they were Englishmen, or West Europeans of any species, the friends of Stambouloff are actually proffering their support to this Prince, whom they denounced last week as a patron of assassins, if he chooses to return to Sofia and make a determined and whole-hearted stand against Russian intrigues and influences. His decision is to be swayed, it is said, by the advice of a Coburg-Orleans-Bourbon family council, to be held within the next few days. It is also of much importance to him to know who is really master in Bulgaria, the pro-Russian party or the others, and about this there is still great uncertainty.

The most essential point of all, however, in the whole Balkan imbroglio, is the attitude of Austro-Hungary and her allies. Among these it is apparent that Roumania is to be counted. The visit of King Charles to the Austrian Emperor at Ischl, and the gathering there of the German Chancellor, the German Ambassador at Vienna, and the principal Ministers from Vienna and Buda-Pesth, are undoubtedly significant. There is a mustering of the forces which actively oppose any and all Russian interference in the Balkan peninsula, and it is of the first importance that Roumania, with an available military force equal to three Russian army corps, and a geographical position which presents a complete barrier to Russia's westward march, should thus early disclose its adhesion to the Triple Alliance. So long as Stambouloff was in power at Sofia, the Alliance counted upon Prince Ferdinand as a docile instrument in its hands. Then followed the interregnum on Stambouloff's retirement, during which the Prince ran about imploring at any cost of servility the good offices

of friends and relations to secure for him the Tsar's favour. And now that period in turn has come to an abrupt end with the murder of Stambouloff, the definite refusal of Russia to recognize the Coburger in any way, and the outbreak in Bulgaria and the neighbouring Macedonia of something like anarchy. It remains to be seen whether Austria will overlook Ferdinand's discreditable lapse from loyalty, and from most of the other virtues as well, and will assent to his return to Sofia in his former capacity of an agent of the Triple Alliance.

The war of tariffs between France and Switzerland has at last been brought to an end to the mutual advantage of both countries. French exports into Switzerland in 1892 were valued at 227 millions of francs, while in 1894 they had fallen to 172 millions, that is, French exports had diminished in two years by 55 millions, or 24 per cent. On the other hand, Swiss exports into France in 1892 were valued at 91 millions, whereas in 1894 they had dropped to just less than 75 millions, that is, Swiss exports had diminished in two years by nearly 17 million francs, or 18 per cent. The fact that France lost slightly more than Switzerland is explained by a difference in the tariff. It seems that both countries now are rejoiced that the strife has come to an end.

The death of Mr. Joseph Thomson leaves the world appreciably the poorer. He was an explorer of real distinction who did good service both to science and to the Empire, and he was also a man of singularly charming disposition. Born thirty-seven years ago in a Dumfriesshire parish, he early displayed considerable ability as a geologist, and it was as a geologist that he first set foot in Africa. The story of the sudden death of Keith Johnston, the leader of the expedition, and of the plucky way in which young Thomson, a mere lad of twenty, assumed command and successfully carried out the objects of the expedition, is well known. His journey through Masailand opened up a new country to civilization, and supplied geographers with new and, what is more, trustworthy data relating to a hitherto unknown part of Africa. As for his services to the Empire, it has been too soon forgotten that he added to the British Empire territory twice the size of France by his treaties with the Sultans of Sokoto and Gandu, beating his German rival by a long head. His most recent journey was also one of treaty-making—to the west of Lake Nyasa for Mr. Rhodes's Company. With such a record it might be imagined that Thomson's services had been gratefully recognized in official quarters. But such is not our English way. He had a modest pride which would not allow him to push his own claims, and, as he had lived most of his adult life in Africa, he had acquired a habit of saying just what he thought, which did not always stand him in good stead in more civilized lands. The latter years of his life were passed in a constant struggle against a complication of disorders, the result of the hardships he had undergone; and his amazing strength of will enabled him more than once to falsify the predictions of the eminent medical men who attended him. His life was full of performance, but it is impossible not to regret the cutting short of a career still so rich in unfulfilled promise.

The career of the late Sir Thomas Wade carries us back to the earliest stages of our commercial and political intercourse with China. It links us with the old days of the factories, when trade was confined to Canton; for he was an officer in the Expeditionary Corps which helped Sir Henry Pottinger (in 1842) to dictate the treaty of Nanking. He was also associated with the foundation of Hong Kong, was concerned in the occupation of Chusan, and was the first Vice-Consul at Shanghai. As Secretary to Lord Elgin he had a part in the negotiation of the treaty of Tientsin. Subsequently, in 1871, he was made Minister at Peking, in which position he negotiated, principally with Li Hung-chang, the Chefoo Convention that terminated the episode which commenced with Margary's murder in Yunnan, and which led to the institution of Chinese Legations in the principal capitals of Europe. After more than forty years' service Sir Thomas Wade retired,



and was elected to the honorary post of Professor of Chinese at his old University, Cambridge, which he endowed with his extensive and valuable library of Chinese books. His knowledge of the Chinese language, literature, and politics was probably unsurpassed.

Contrary to general expectation, Signor Crispi has weathered the first session of the new Italian Parliament successfully, and has reached the recess with a ministerial majority larger and more compact than he had at the outset. Moreover, he has passed into law every item of his programme, with the result that the incidence of Italian taxation has been thoroughly rearranged, and the country is in a much better condition than it was before to bear its heavy burdens without recurring periods of collapse. The Opposition, which began by a series of violent scenes in the Chamber, and for a time seemed powerful enough to arrest all legislative progress, has ceased to be formidable. Its principal weapon was personal abuse and vilification, which always fails in the long run, if the person aimed at does not show the white feather. Signor Crispi grew hardened to insult before many of his present assailants were breeched. They may fill the air about him with cries of "Traitor!" "Thief!" "Embezzler!" for days at a time, and he does not turn a hair. There are rumours that he intends to retire during the recess, having so organized the Government following that the Premiership may safely be turned over to Signor Sonnino; but, if he does this, it will be because he is old and tired and failing in health, and not because his enemies have frightened him away. With all his faults, he is easily the strongest lay statesman that Italy has produced since Cavour.

There are also clerical statesmen in Italy, but it is by no means so simple a task to measure their relative merits and abilities. Sometimes Leo XIII. impresses the outer world as an extremely talented politician, and sometimes his reputation for genius in statecraft shrivels under a cool wind of popular depreciation. So much depends upon the critic's point of view where an ecclesiastic is concerned, that it is hopeless to get a contemporary judgment of him which history will accept as definitive. For example, when secular Rome celebrates on 20 September the twenty-fifth anniversary of its escape from Papal control, the Vatican intends to make a counter-demonstration by gathering the entire Pontifical Court, with Cardinals, Ambassadors, Bishops, and all, in visible protest around the throne of His Holiness. To some this will seem a silly proceeding, but wiser observers will withhold their verdict. Cavours and Crispis rise, flourish, and disappear, and their work waxes and wanes with them. The Vatican goes on indefinitely, with the calm and equable vitality of a mighty tree. Its roots are in past ages; its hopes of fruit are for the centuries to come. In a hundred years' time people will know better than we can whether Leo XIII. and Cardinal Rampolla were good politicians or not.

The Prince of Monaco has just left the Azores on his return voyage to Havre after a most successful dredging expedition which has lasted over three months. The Prince is something more than a yachtsman in the English sense of the word. He accepts the privileges of his position as so many duties; and employs his riches largely in the advancement of science, to which cause, also, he sacrifices his personal comfort. Indeed, the only recreation he allows himself is taken at his Castle of Marchais in the north-east of France. Marchais belonged at one time to the House of Lorraine. There, on an estate abounding in wild duck, geese, and boar, the Prince loves to live the life of a sportsman. He is, besides, a first-rate bicyclist.

The City sees many strange things, but when Chartered shares touched £7 on Thursday afternoon the most timid speculator began to think that his time to play "bull" had come. Two million and a half shares at £7 each represents a capital of £17,500,000. Not bad this for a Company which has never paid a farthing dividend in the six years of its existence, and which can show no assets save a tract of land which has not yet yielded £5000 worth of gold.

The massacre of the British missionaries at Ku-cheng has been followed up by a similar outbreak of fanaticism in another part of Southern China. The British Wesleyan Hospital and Mission at Fatshan, near Canton, has been attacked by a riotous mob and the buildings have been wrecked. Fortunately, however, no lives have been sacrificed, though the missionaries have lost their property and been subjected to outrage in defiance of treaty-rights. At Fatshan, as at Ku-cheng, it is proven by trustworthy witnesses, both Protestant and Catholic, that the authorities have done nothing to restrain the mob, even if they have not privily instigated to violence. The most practical proposal of redress is that we should send a Commission of Inquiry to sit at Ch'entu on the scene of the murders, which should be able to exercise summary jurisdiction and inflict condign punishment on the guilty, whether they be Vegetarians, or Mandarins, or the Viceroy, after the example of the Grosvenor Commission, which inquired into the death of Margary in 1877.

There is at any rate one charitable organization in France which is without a parallel in England, and it has what seems to us a beautiful name, "Servants of the Poor." The congregation already possesses four houses, one at Paris, one at Joinville, and one at Parthenay, while the original establishment is at Angers. The idea and organization were due to a Benedictine monk. "My daughters," he was accustomed to say, "when the poor are ill, both husband and wife have to gain their livelihood by labour, and there is no one to take care of the house. Go to them, and be kinder and more serviceable than any servant; you must accept nothing of them, neither a morsel of bread nor a glass of water. And, above all, be sweet and amiable, that you may win their hearts and that they may see that God has sent you." There were five sisters at the beginning; there are now sixty of these "servants of the poor."

The "Times" of Thursday morning informs us that Sir Lewis Morris has been elected an honorary Fellow of Trinity College, London, in place of the late Lord Tennyson. "There are," continues the "Times," "only two living holders of the same honour, the President of the Royal Academy and Mr. William Huggins, F.R.S., representing art and science respectively, as Sir Lewis does literature." We wish we could believe that the "Times" intended to indulge its rather thin vein of irony at the expense of the President of the Royal Academy and Mr. Huggins. Unfortunately it is only too plain that the "Times" seriously thinks that Sir Lewis Morris is a successor of Lord Tennyson and a fit representative of literature.

Sir Lewis Morris has of late been loaded with honours; but even Lord Rosebery had not the conscience to confer the position of Poet Laureate on a slavish mimic, who might perhaps with propriety take his place as Tennyson's tame parrot. Sir Lewis Morris has no claim to his knighthood that we know of save that he has a lackey's love of titles, as witness this cacophonous and silly passage from "Gwen":

"Or when did a Countess's coronet crown  
A head with a brighter glory of hair?"

As for Sir Lewis's qualifications to represent literature, they abound in his voluminous works, and for the benefit of the "Times" we will give a couple of quotations, in order that in future Mr. Buckle may be able to give a reason for the faith that he has in the bard of Penbryn:

"Unto my soul, I said,  
Oh vagrant soul!  
When o'er my living head  
A few years roll,  
Is't true that thou shalt fly  
Far away into the sky,  
Leaving me in my place  
Alone with my disgrace?"

Here we have indeed a metricist whose dissonant bray has kinship for the ear of British Philistinism. Nor ought such lines as the following to be passed over by one in quest of Sir Lewis's qualifications as the chosen representative of English poetry:

"These in the soul do breed  
Thoughts, which, at last, shall lead  
To some clear firm assurance of a satisfying creed."

## THE MASSACRE AT KU-CHENG.

THE massacre of English missionaries—men, women, and children—at Ku-cheng has been followed by the usual demands on the part of our Government and the usual apologies and explanations on the part of the Government of China. The massacre is not, as Sir Halliday Macartney represents it, a sudden outbreak without previous threatening or warning. As long ago as February last the Rev. Robert Stewart drew attention to the disturbed and dangerous state of Ku-cheng and the neighbouring country, while on 8 April he wrote, going thoroughly into the situation and setting forth the danger with which the Christians were menaced at the hands of the Vegetarians. Nothing seems to have been done by the Church Missionary Society to bring pressure to bear on the authorities at home in order that they might oblige the Chinese Government to provide proper protection for the English missionaries. If, as seems certain, the Church Missionary Society has been long aware of the danger of these missionaries, and specially of the English ladies and children, it is most deeply blameworthy for the neglect which has permitted the long-threatened catastrophe to take place without any adequate attempt to avert it. The explanation of the Church Missionary Society will be awaited with interest.

Meanwhile the proceedings of our Government require to be examined and their demands criticized. The demands comprise the issuing of a decree by the Chinese to provide capital punishment for the offenders and stringent orders for the protection of British missionaries now in China. To these demands the Chinese Government has, of course, assented without demur. Furthermore, our Minister at Peking has ordered our Consul at Fu-chau to proceed to the scene of the outrage and institute an inquiry, and for this purpose he is to be provided with a Chinese escort. Now the Chinese Government will, of course, endeavour before all things to prove the absence of complicity on the part of its officials, and it is much to be feared that an inquiry carried on under Chinese auspices will be neither searching nor satisfactory. Fortunately the enterprising United States Consul at Fu-chau has already proceeded to the scene of the massacre and collected evidence, not only as to the identity of the actual perpetrators of the crime and their leaders, but, what is far more important, as to the foreknowledge and complicity of the Chinese officials, who, it appears from the evidence the Consul has collected among the villagers, were fully aware of the coming outbreak and massacre many days before it took place. The Mandarins are nearly always at the bottom of these attacks on foreigners, and we fully anticipate that the massacre at Ku-cheng will prove no exception to the rule, while the fact that the Viceroy's troops when sent to the scene of the massacre contented themselves with looting the mission-houses speaks for itself. There are rumours already of a general and deep-laid conspiracy, of which this massacre is an integral part, for driving Europeans out of the interior of China. The position of Europeans at Fu-chau and other stations in the neighbourhood is considered alarming, and no doubt, if the Chinese officials encourage tacitly, if not openly, such outrages as that at Ku-cheng, the danger is real enough. What was wanted is a great deal less red-tapeism and a great deal more determination on the part of our Government, and for the purpose of example they might do worse than bear in mind the firmness with which the French Government has forced through a searching inquiry into the sacking of the French mission-houses and churches last May, an inquiry which has brought home the guilt of instigating the outrages to the ex-Viceroy Liu-Ping-Chang. This is the line our inquiry should take, to discover and punish not only the ignorant instruments but also and chiefly the guilty instigators of the crime. The Chinese Government will readily do as it has done before: either it will decapitate a few prisoners who are under sentence of death, or, if obliged to find the actual murderers, it will decapitate them. But this is not the retribution we should require, and will certainly prove no deterrent. Guilty Chinese officials will be perfectly satisfied that their instruments should suffer if they can get off scot-free themselves. They might

reply in the language of the absentee Irish landlord to the threats of his enraged tenantry: "If you think to frighten me by shooting my agent you are vastly mistaken." The guilt of the massacre at Ku-cheng must be brought home to those who instigated or fomented it, and who winked at this outrage as they have winked at others. And the complicity of the officials once proved must be visited with condign punishment. Further, a heavy indemnity, say one hundred thousand pounds, should be required, and a part at least should be levied upon the officials whose shameful apathy at any rate is certain, and is only less culpable than their complicity would be, could it be proved. The levying of a heavy indemnity in money has had an excellent effect in stopping outrages in other lands, and would have a specially healthy effect in China, where capital punishment is regarded with comparative indifference. In Morocco the system of heavy indemnities in money has made the property as well as the lives of foreigners as safe almost as in Europe; for the Kaid of each district knows his fate if murder or robbery be committed within his jurisdiction. The indemnity will be squeezed out of him at any cost. The same principle—that of levying on a barony the damages for outrages on property or person—has been found highly efficacious in Ireland; and we have little doubt that if the Chinese officials find the massacre at Ku-cheng traced home to them, and if the punishment of even the passive guilt of not protecting foreigners is seen to be heavy monetary loss, the Chinese Mandarin or other official will in future think twice before he winks at, much less instigates, attacks on British subjects.

As to the murdered missionaries we can be thankful that our country still produces men and women of such lofty self-devotion and such dauntless courage. The Rev. R. Stewart and his wife were persons of education, culture, and position, who had for many years given their lives to the cause of establishing practical Christianity in China, a witness-bearing which has been completed by their deaths. In common with other workers, they had devoted their private means as well as their whole energies to this object. A great deal of nonsense is being talked and written about forbidding women to take any further part in mission work in the interior of China. One would suppose that these ladies had been brought to China in ignorance of the risks of mission work. This is very far from being the case. They had for years, cheerfully and courageously, faced the risks they perfectly well understood. Portions of Mr. Stewart's reports give some idea of the nature of the good work these martyred ladies have been carrying on. Among this work was a Foundling Institution for baby girls exposed by their parents; a Girls' Boarding School, which was crowded, although the girls were required to pay, and the excellent rule that they should unbind their feet was a condition of entrance. In fact, these Englishwomen were carrying on in a quiet, unostentatious, and eminently sane and practical way a mission to the women of China, a mission which brought to women sunk in the slavery of centuries the liberty, with the light of Christianity. We have no doubt that other English and Irish women (for the victims of the massacre have been mainly from Ireland) will fill the places of the martyrs of Ku-cheng, and prove, as they have done, that courage, constancy, and devotion to high ideals belong to one sex equally with the other.

## A FAVOURITE'S CAREER: MR. ASQUITH.

IT is one of Dean Swift's shrewdest observations on life that the appearance of a genius in the world is detected by the immediate formation of a conspiracy of dunces against him. The formation of a conspiracy in a man's favour is an equally unmistakable sign that he is not a genius, whose irritating qualities always isolate their possessor, but that he is very clever. From Mr. Asquith's first appearance at Oxford a quarter of a century ago down to his appointment as Home Secretary in 1892, there has been a steady conspiracy of both friends and opponents in his favour. There was, in the early part of the seventies, a small set at Balliol, of which the leading spirits were Asquith, Milner, Warren, and Raleigh. Now and then a Corpus man, like Paul, was admitted within the charmed circle; but as a rule,



through two undergraduate generations, the set represented exclusively the culture and the arrogance of Balliol. Nearly all these men now occupy distinguished positions at an unusually early age. Sir Alfred Milner is chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue; Mr. J. H. Warren is the President of Magdalen; Mr. Paul was the member for South Edinburgh, and is a successful journalist; Mr. Raleigh is an eminent professor. Of this set Mr. Asquith was the oracle and the idol. When he was incubating a speech for the Union, the set went about saying, "Asquith is going to speak on Thursday." When he had spoken, the set went about saying, "Did you hear that splendid thing of Asquith's about Dizzy's string of complacent dukes?" Even Jowett joined the conspiracy, and told all his powerful visitors at the Lodge what a clever fellow Asquith was. At this period the young don had a defiant and somewhat churlish manner; he was encased in the buckram of the aspiring *bourgeois*, whose knowledge of the world is not sufficient to prevent his garb from creaking and rustling offensively, but who soon learns that the helpless members of the upper class are not his enemies, but his best friends.

The sentence of obscurity to which all young men of the middle class are doomed when they leave the Isis and put forth their tiny bark on the ocean of London life was in Mr. Asquith's case unusually short: it lasted about ten years. He lived at Hampstead with a wife and six children; he went down to chambers; he ate his chop and drank his coffee at Groom's, in Fleet Street, in company with his starving brethren of the long robe; in short, he was a failure at the bar. But Fortune was only putting her favourite through the inevitable period of probation as quickly as possible. In 1886 Mr. Asquith was elected for East Fife, and immediately the conspiracy revived. His party determined from the first to run him, and they ran him with a vengeance. Sir Charles Russell, then at the height of his power at the bar, and Sir George Lewis, the maker of so many law-officers, decided at once to help him, and he was given a junior brief in the Parnell case. As a rule, a junior counsel in a big case has not much chance of distinguishing himself; but Mr. Asquith was left to cross-examine an important witness, and, although he did not discover any particular legal or forensic ability, his party said that he distinguished himself immensely, which was far better. Mr. Gladstone suddenly remembered that three or four years ago the young barrister had prepared for him a clear and convenient statement of the law on the Bradlaugh case, and the great leader, if he did not join, tolerated the Asquith boom with complacency. But it was in the House of Commons, and not at the bar, that Mr. Asquith showed his cleverness. He was far too shrewd to join in the hack work of Opposition; he treated with calm disdain the suggestions made to him by his Whips that he should lead the crowd of fluent mediocrities who harass the Government nightly in the House or career about the country spouting on platforms. He spoke very seldom, only once or twice a session; but he took care that his speaking should be an event. He informed the Whips beforehand, as of something that would decide the fate of the Government; and just as his friends used to do at Oxford, so for hours, sometimes for days, before the delivery of one of his orations, did Taper and Tadpole go about telling all men that Asquith was going to speak. By this deft audacity Mr. Asquith secured for himself what is absolutely the greatest advantage a young politician can have, the call of the House, for even the Speaker joined the conspiracy, and whenever Mr. Asquith rose, and he always took care to rise in a crowded House, he was called on to speak. During the course of a debate the Speaker confers with the Whips on both sides as to the men who wish to speak; no list is given, but one or two names are mentioned to him every evening. If a young politician can get his party to put him forward in this way, the ball is at his feet; for otherwise he may go on for years pouring out wit, eloquence, and sarcasm during the dinner-hour or on Wednesday afternoons. It took Disraeli ten years to gain the ear of the House; it was secured for Mr. Asquith, as for Mr. George Curzon, from the day he took his seat. But perhaps the most curious feature in this conspiracy to push a young man who had nothing but his brains to

recommend him, was that his chief opponents joined eagerly in the game. Lord Salisbury, who has never been known to praise publicly one of his own side, singled out Mr. Asquith in his speeches for commendation or complimentary criticism. Mr. Arthur Balfour was not slow to follow suit, and to express his unstinted admiration for the rhetoric of a brother "Soul," while Sir Henry James was only too glad to claim the credit of having discovered the rising star. When one of the cleverest and best known women in London society, the daughter of a wealthy business man, accepted Mr. Asquith, who had now become a widower, this favourite of fortune shot suddenly into the very bull's-eye of fashion and power. He was made Home Secretary in 1892, and the question now agitating the Radical party is whether this young barrister, for he is under forty-five, shall not be chosen to lead Her Majesty's Opposition.

We do not undervalue Mr. Asquith's very real ability, for though there is plenty of merit without elevation, there is never elevation without some merit. It would be absurd to maintain that a man who has neither money nor family connections to back him, can leap into the highest place without some quality that marks him out from the ordinary run of men. Mr. Asquith is a superb rhetorician, though his speeches do not read as well as they sound. His voice is not a grand and melodious organ, like Bright's or Gladstone's, but it is good enough. He has a slight provincial accent, and his action is awkward, for he stands with one hand in his pocket, and sways his body slightly as his mechanical sentences rise and fall. His style of composition is Corinthian: it is cold, it glitters, it makes its points, it damages its adversaries, and it has no soul. But it is, if less classical than Mr. Morley's English, better suited to the taste of the House of Commons, which likes its rhetoric rather full-bodied. Mr. Asquith has also this further advantage over Mr. Morley, that he can remember the words of a prepared speech without appearing, like the Scotch minister, to be "terribly tied to the paper." If he has not the light and exquisite humour of Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Asquith can debate effectively when preparation is impossible. These are the mental gifts which are indispensable to a House of Commons success, but which alone cannot secure it, for in the last two Parliaments there were several men who could speak as well as Mr. Asquith. Without the co-operation of that mysterious agency which the Greeks worshipped under the name of *τύχη*, a man will fail in Parliament, speak he never so eloquently. "A drop of luck is worth a pint of skill," said the Greeks; and the moral of Mr. Asquith's career seems to be that, while in stormy and troublous times it is impossible to prevent genius from taking the lead, in ordinary, quiet times a sudden turn of the wheel, a combination of accidents, "some trick not worth an egg," will whirl the lucky man up to the meridian height of power. Of Mr. Asquith's moral qualities we have not spoken because we do not know, except that we infer from his appointments that he is mindful of old friends, a most excellent thing in any department of life. Whether Mr. Asquith will be the next Radical Prime Minister it is impossible to say. Some stronger or more cunning antagonistic will may arise to rob him, like Sir William Harcourt, of the prize at the eleventh hour. But, as Fortune seldom does things by halves, the odds are that she will not rest content until she has placed her favourite upon the pinnacle from which he can look down serenely upon the hate of those below.

#### LORD SALISBURY AND THE PORTE.

THE Armenian trouble has dragged its weary length along for many months, and until this week we seemed to be no nearer to a solution than we were in the beginning of the year. The Commissioners reported and recommended, and their report and their recommendations have had no more effect than a flea-bite upon the Ottoman Government. We are not in a position to judge with what skill Lord Rosebery handled the difficulty, simply because diplomacy is shy and secret. But it seems clear that his successor is using more vigorous means to close the disagreeable incident. If the refusal of the Sultan to entertain the recommendations of the Commissioners was due in any degree to a hope that a change of Govern-

ment in this country would be favourable to him, he has stiffened his back in vain. A report, emanating from Constantinople, declares that Lord Salisbury has obtained the co-operation of the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty in a Collective Note, "stating that as the Ottoman Government is unable to protect the lives of his Majesty's Christian subjects, the Powers have decided to forthwith appoint a European High Commissioner, with vice-regal authority, for the Eastern Asiatic provinces." As this High Commissioner would be responsible to the Powers, such a step, if it is contemplated, would virtually mean the withdrawal of Armenia from the Turkish Empire. It is further stated that Lord Salisbury has demanded the immediate and unconditional release of all Armenian political prisoners who have not been duly convicted by lawful tribunals. The character of Lord Salisbury, as a man of resolute action, inclines us to believe these reports. It is certain, at any rate, that the Armenian question must be settled very shortly; and as the Porte has shown no signs of willingness to take the initiative, it is probable that the Powers will have to do so. Reuter's correspondent, it is true, states that the latest reply of the Porte is "couched in a friendly and conciliatory tone." But we know our Porte very well by this time, and the information that the reply "in a large number of points is in agreement with the provisions of the scheme of the Powers" is discounted by the assertion that those provisions "either are already or can be brought in harmony with the institutions and laws of the country." A reform which is already in harmony with the laws of Turkey cannot be a reform of much account.

The scepticism with which the original story of the Sassun massacres was received has now completely passed away. This is no party question, as Mr. Gladstone said at Chester on Tuesday. We are neither apologists for the Turk, because we are Conservatives, nor champions of the Armenian, because we are Christians. Interest in part and in part humanity have constrained the three Powers to their joint action. The mixed assembly which cheered Mr. Gladstone is proof that this question has been removed from the sphere of party politics. And indeed the heart of our nation, rightly or wrongly, has grown sensitive to atrocities. The Duke of Westminster was no less vehement in his language than Mr. Gladstone, and both, we think, erred somewhat on the side of excess. Mr. Gladstone has always nourished a passion for wronged nationalities—a trait in his character which has sometimes led him into grievous mistakes. But in dealing with Armenia he was exposed to little danger of error. He may have represented the case against Turkey as blacker than it really is, and we are sure that he overestimates the qualities of the Armenian. The Armenian is not a saint; he is a very troublesome subject, given to political intrigues and conspiracies. No one can deny that he causes the Sultan a great deal of trouble. But this fact, of course, in no sense justifies the outrages which have been proved again and again to have been perpetrated in Asiatic Turkey. We do not need Dr. Dillon's sensational articles, though they seem to have made a great impression upon Mr. Gladstone, to convince us that the Turkish rule in the Christian provinces is barbarous to a degree. In short, one is not justified in saying that there is any "rule." Mr. Gladstone sums up the dealings of the Kurds and the Turks with the hapless Armenians in four words—plunder, murder, rape, and torture. These are ugly terms, and there is no denying them. The Ottoman Government, says Mr. Gladstone, "is perhaps the worst on the face of the earth." It was doubtless said in haste, but we are not disposed to contradict it at leisure. The interference of the Powers is a tacit confession of the fact. Turkey has succeeded in scandalizing Europe with her misgovernment. The Sultan himself is believed to mean well, but he is an unhappy monarch, who is befooled by his court circles, and does not know which way to turn for very fear. The Powers, it appears, will be obliged to direct him. Save him they cannot, for the Turkish Empire is undoubtedly destined one day for the melting-pot. He has now an insurgent Macedonia on his hands before he is out of his Armenian perplexities. Undoubtedly, if he could only see it, his wisest course, nay, his only course, would be to follow the advice of the Powers. If he will not, he must be induced to do so

by means which we are safe in assuming that Lord Salisbury understands. But, all the same, it would be a mistake to yield to the extremists. The Chester Resolution was drawn up in terms to which no objection can be raised. It urged the necessary reforms, and wisely added that no reforms could be effective unless carried out under the continuous control of the Powers. But Mr. Gladstone went a good deal further than this minimum. He is now a private person, restrained by no sense of official responsibility. His summary of the situation was admirable, but in the course of it he worked both his audience and himself into a state of passionate indignation which was hardly consistent with justice. It was under such exaltation that he considered the "cleanest and clearest" solution of the difficulty would be to "tell the Turk to march out of Armenia." The only reason against this measure, apparently, was the improbability that the Powers would be unanimous. It is passing strange, too, to hear the ex-Prime Minister speaking frankly in favour of "coercion." It ran off his tongue with unctious. The law-breaking Turk should, it appears, be constrained, but not the law-breaking Irishman. We must not rest content, said Mr. Gladstone, with telling the Sultan that he "ought"; we must let him know that he "must." Well, it will probably come to that. Certainly we are all agreed that a Turkish promise is worth nothing. The treaties of 1856 gave the Powers the right to assume the government of Armenia; and there is also the Berlin Treaty. We are well supported by documents, though some of them have been no more effective than the paper they were written on. If Lord Salisbury has decided to recommend Baron Von Kallay as the High Commissioner of the Eastern Asiatic provinces, his choice has fallen upon an able man. The fact that he is not a subject of any of the three Powers should guarantee his impartiality. He is a Hungarian of noble family. But his best claim to the position rests on the fact that he administered Bosnia and Herzegovina very successfully after their cession by the Porte. The last six words are full of sinister omen for the future proprietary rights of Turkey in Armenia.

#### RIGHTEOUSNESS IN THE CITY.

A GOOD many people seem to imagine that law should represent a high code of morals enforced by sufficient sanctions. They would have this dishonesty prevented, and that immorality made impossible, under the heaviest penalties that reason could defend. Needless to say, this is a totally erroneous view. It would be more accurate to regard law as a sort of barometer indicating the pressure of the general conscience of the community at any given time. The real sanction of law is the force of public opinion, which finds concrete expression in penalties and punishments. If this truth be once grasped, it becomes evident that law is not and cannot be the reforming agency into which the Puritans would endeavour to convert it. Law is not the motive power in the progress of society; it is rather the skid that prevents what scientists call a reversion to type, but what is known more familiarly as progress backwards. This will readily be admitted when we remember that law acts only by deterrents. It is the charm of the ideal to which the gradual humanization of man must be attributed. Punishment and law are concerned only with those below the average. If we are right in this conception, the passionate reformer is the worst of lawgivers. In this reform at least the Italian proverb "*Chi va piano va sano*" ("*Who goes softly goes safely*") is the best of maxims. For it is easy to outrun the average moral sense of any community, and when law does this it finds itself deprived of sanction and becomes not only powerless but ridiculous.

In accordance with this view we have little but praise for the recommendations of the departmental Committee appointed by Mr. Bryce to examine into the working of the Companies Acts. The "*Times*" says that "the whole report is pervaded by a sense of the responsibility of meddling closely with the affairs of the 18,361 companies having a paid-up capital of £1,035,029,385 in the United Kingdom—companies for the most part



honest—in order to foil a comparatively small percentage of rogues and sharpers.” It is true that the whole report is pervaded by this sense of responsibility, and we are glad of it; but when we are told that the rogues and sharpers are comparatively few in number in proportion to the honest men, we take leave to doubt the statement. It is the minority in all countries who actively uphold morality and who from time to time seek to strengthen the law. It is their power of combination chiefly that enables them to impose their opinions upon the mass of men. Let us now return to this report upon the Companies Acts. The recommendations of the Committee are simple and effective so far as they go. First of all they provide that a minimum subscription shall be fixed by the articles of association and be mentioned in the prospectus, and that no allotment shall be made unless this amount be subscribed. This provision, when strengthened by Mr. Justice Williams’ suggestions as to some details, is likely to nip many unsound enterprises in the bud. The objectionable “waiver” clause too has been done away with, and “contracting-out” is rendered impossible. If the ideas of the Committee ever become the law of the land, any person taking shares in a company will know the names of the vendors and promoters and the exact amount paid to them and to their intermediaries, as well as the sum spent not only in commission but in preliminary expenses. In fine, “any material contract and every material fact shall be set forth in the prospectus.” The Committee makes some slight qualifications to the stringency of this recommendation, but as it stands it is sufficient to deprive of their trade three out of four of the ordinary company promoters in the City of London. The syndicates which during the present year have brought out from six to sixteen mining companies in Western Australia will have to put up their shutters if these provisions are incorporated in the Statute-book. And these two chief clauses do not by any means exhaust the work of the Committee. It proposes, also, to turn the first statutory general meeting into a business meeting, where the directors will give a full report of the total number of shares allotted, the cash received, &c., and where they must state that “they have not any reason to question the good faith of the undertaking or the truth of the statements in the prospectus.” Further, the interests of the creditors of companies are cared for. The Committee recommends that certain mortgages and charges on companies’ assets should be publicly registered in much the same way as bills of sale are now, and this provision would certainly diminish a class of fraud which is increasing. In short, these recommendations are all good so far as they go, and are likely to be useful. Of course they will not preclude fraud, nor does the Committee imagine that they are sufficient to protect fools from the consequences of their folly. For instance, the Committee does not even attempt to deal with “one-man” companies, though Lord Justice Lindley has called such companies “a device to defraud creditors.” But if the recommendations of Mr. Bryce’s Committee are carried into effect, newspapers, at least, will find it easier to expose rotten companies without fear of actions for libel, and this will be so much to the benefit of the credulous.

It is possible to regard this report in another way. None of these recommendations could restrain honest enterprise or even honest speculation, and yet they are imperatively necessary. The level of honesty, therefore, in the City of London to-day is extremely low in this branch of business, and a verdict just given in the Court of Appeal shows us that the level is scarcely higher even in professions which one would think owed their very existence to the desire for perfect straightforwardness. It will be remembered that a short time ago Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams decided that the auditor of the London and General Bank, Mr. Theobald, should be liable as well as the directors for sums improperly paid in dividends. This decision, we are sorry to say, has been reversed in the Court of Appeal. Mr. Theobald has been relieved of liabilities as to the 1890 dividends of this bank, which, owing to its dealings with the “Balfour group” of companies, was even then in a bad way. Mr. Theobald’s certificate was culpably colourless, and although he has been let off, the Court of Appeal con-

firms Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams’ holding as to the duty of auditors. It may be hoped that the preparation of accurate summaries of books which are known to be false or misleading will not in future suffice to satisfy any auditor’s conception of his duty. But that such a summary has in the past sufficed shows that the requirements of our law in regard to honesty are not very stringent. In this matter we agree with Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams rather than with Lord Justice Lindley, the Appeal Judge. An auditor, it seems to us, is quite as much as a director in a position of trust, and what the “Times” calls “culpable weakness” in an auditor should certainly be held to involve him in monetary responsibility. If the balance-sheet certified by the auditor does not present “a correct view of the state of the company’s affairs,” it is misleading, and therefore worse than worthless; and to present a balance-sheet to the shareholders which, within the knowledge of the auditor, does not present a correct view of the state of the company’s affairs should render him liable to his last penny.

There is yet another sign of the low ebb of commercial morality to which we may draw attention. We refer to the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders. One would have imagined that in the City of London it would at least be possible to find some few men who could be relied on to defend impartially their own interests and those of their fellow-sufferers. But this seems to be impossible. The council of the Corporation, we are told, confines itself to endorsing the decisions of a number of little cliques consisting, more often than not, of a self-chosen band of clever speculators, not by any means fairly representative of the main body of bondholders. In many cases these persons are possessed of securities inferior to those held by the bulk of the creditors, and they devote their efforts to obtaining equal terms all round; in other cases they have bought stock at a low price just before or just after the State has defaulted, so that it is worth their while to make terms which are simply ruinous to people who invested their money when the stock was first issued, or who bought near the issue price. But whatever may be the precise motive of their conduct, it is certain that negotiations obviously unfair to the general body of the bondholders are frequently ratified without demur by the council of the Corporation. Thus the interests of the majority are usually at the mercy of a clique of wire-pullers who know neither shame nor scruple in concluding terms advantageous to their own pockets without reference to considerations of either justice or sound policy. Meanwhile the council of the Corporation sleeps, or at any rate takes no steps to prevent wrongdoing, and still the wonder grows as to how many righteous are left in the city of our fathers.

#### ATHLETICISM IN THE SCALE.

WE are at the present moment so proud of our athleticism that it is becoming doubtful whether we are not going astray with regard to it. As one of the teachers of the laws of public health, I was taken to task, some years ago, for criticizing the Oxford and Cambridge boat-races and Rugby football; now I am occasionally taken to task for speaking too warmly in support of physical exercises. I believe, however, that my views have been consistent throughout, and have never been in favour of vehement competition, physical or mental, but rather of a development of the physical and mental powers in an ample and fair degree, so that body and mind may act healthily together.

At the same time, setting aside exceptional instances, I should, on physiological grounds, put the physical development in the first place. Mind follows the mould in which it is cast. If there were two living animal forms, two men, for example, of precisely the same physical build; if they were of the same weight and structure of body; if all their parts and all their organs were alike—their heart, blood, lungs, brain and nervous system, organs of sense, muscles, and the rest, including specially the digestive structures—and if their conditions of life or environments were also identical, their minds would be the same, little or great; minds that would think the same thoughts, inspire the same acts, and say the same things.

What we want, therefore, in the first place, is the best bodily substance, construction, and maintenance. If this view be true, everything that tends to regulate physical exercise, and to lead to the perfection of organic form and capacity, should help to produce perfection of mental form and capacity. It should not be insisted that all who possess mental powers of the first order, have been trained to use their gifts by physical exercise, for there will always be a few who are naturally endowed with a special capacity of mind. Yet even if some be born with such advantages, it is an additional benefit for them to train themselves to the full development of their powers. In brief, it is best for no one to depend on mere endowment, rich as it may be, but to cultivate the endowment, on the ground that it is unwise to attribute too much to that which is a product of a few generations at the most, and which, like an inherited estate, must be kept up in order that it may continue to be in accord with the spirit of the times, duly fitted for what is required of it under the conditions of life which it has to face, and equal to cope with the new forces with which it may have to compete.

It is clear that we cannot look round and take note of our contemporaries in any department of life without feeling certain that many who stand in the first rank are not indebted in any way to any physical powers which they may have cultivated for the development of their mental organization, and I may include in that observation, also, some men of past history. Yet, as a matter of history, the physical development comes first and proves that good physical work should be cultivated. The danger lies not in the cultivation of it, but in the over-cultivation, and the tendency now is towards the latter. I can remember when exercises of a physical kind were limited in number; when cricket and rowing were almost the only ones, and when rowing was the only exercise that led to any considerable risk of over-strain. Now both these exercises are being pushed to excess; while others which are very popular, such as football, cycling, and pedestrianism, are alluring men to an over-cultivation of certain parts of the body that should be shunned, that destroys its own object in so far as bodily perfection is concerned, and that certainly when it renders the body imperfect injures the mind of the owner and of those who unfortunately spring from him.

The grand natural lesson we have to learn is to cultivate health; to overcome the excessive desire of competition; to be strong and skilful and enduring, but not ambitious after the manner of children who wish to be at the head or nowhere; and to remember when we use violent exertions that there are certain parts of the body, vital parts, on which the mental work depends, and which are easily ruined. The body can be killed through one organ, and in youth and middle-age mortal injury of body and mind comes usually through one organ as the primary seat of evil; it is an evil of frequent occurrence and greatly on the increase. A man is said to "throw himself heart and soul into his work." Such a man is in danger. He has four great parts of his body to consider—his heart and blood system; his lungs and other organs associated with breathing; his muscles; his brain and nervous system. But he does not heed them at all. He runs or cycles excessively, and in a much shorter time than he has the least idea of he makes his heart too strong for the rest of his organism and endangers the finer ramifications of the vessels which are under the domination of the heart. He rows without studying consequences, and long before he is convinced of injury, he has produced an injury of the chest mechanism which may soon be permanently established. He takes to some muscular training which puts the muscular organs to an extreme of tension; large and small muscles alike are exposed to strain, both the strong muscles that give propulsion and the delicate muscles that guide, and, before he has become conscious of the error he has committed, he is a strained man, from which predicament he is fortunate if he make anything like a complete recovery. Another man enters into competitions in which his mental organs are kept awake for long intervals, charged with expectations, anxieties, fears, nay excess of satisfaction, and while he is yet young he grows old.

I have sketched the virtues of athletic practice, I have sketched its dangers; and admitting the dangers,

I still hold by the virtues. What I would say, in the end, is that we, at this moment, require sound education in athleticism, and that if we do not get it, if we do not obtain teachers who will guide us aright, we shall find our strength becoming our weakness, and our over-development of body and mind the shortest cut to vital failure

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

#### PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

PORFIRIO DIAZ is a remarkable man. If one stops for a moment to think of the repeated revolutions and civil wars in the South American States, the peace which reigns in Mexico provokes curiosity. Not so long ago Mexico was a land of revolutions. Nothing was secure. Governments changed, constitutions were altered, leaders patriotic or traitorous rose and fell, bandits governed the country, national debts were dishonoured, the civil government was corrupt, the military government was honeycombed by treachery. Within a generation we have seen the fatuous, incompetent Maximilian go to his doom at Querétaro, earning nothing but the compassion the world feels for the weak gentleman who, wholly ineffective in life, snatches from fate one ray of glory by a brave death.

The chief among the saviours of Mexico at that time was Benito Juárez, the stout little Indian patriot, who had something of the austerity of Cromwell, and less of pose and personal ambition—a simple soldier, tenacious, constant, and far-seeing. Next to Juárez in force was Porfirio Díaz, who put aside his lawyer's gown when the United States invaded Mexico in 1847, and from thenceforth was a successful soldier and a statesman. From the first he won distinction in the field. In dealing with the American invaders, and the notorious Santa Anna, no less than with the Imperial army when he captured Puebla, and the city of Mexico, which (together with the Imperial army) he compelled to surrender without the loss of a man of his own army, he showed something of that power to wait, "if it took all summer," which was the dominant characteristic of General Grant's military career. There is in him, also, a similar strong independence of thought and action, which is the best guarantee of security for a State. If Díaz possesses the subtlety of the Indian, and he is an Indian, more or less influenced by a Spanish environment, he has also a bold though silent martial temper. For twenty years he was chiefly engaged in helping to quell insurrections: he was twice imprisoned by the French during their occupation of the country with the object of upholding Maximilian: and, refusing to give his parole, he escaped, and took the field again. A revolutionist himself, no man ever put down revolutions more successfully. When Juárez became President of Mexico in 1865 under the Constitution of 1857, which had been fruitful of disorder until Maximilian came, and was the goal aimed at by subsequent patriots, Díaz was the strong lieutenant of Juárez. When for the third time Juárez was elected President, Díaz, like many Liberal leaders, opposed him, and at last, at his *hacienda* of La Noria, revolted, and issued a manifesto called the Plan of the Notables. With truly dramatic picturesqueness, Juárez suddenly died, and Lerdo de Tejada was elected President. Three years passed, and then the vigilant and careful Díaz took the field against the President and forced Lerdo to leave the country. He proclaimed himself Provisional President, and presently became Constitutional President.

Then began a better day for Mexico. The man whose whole career had been spent among revolutions and civil wars knew what course to adopt. With his perfect knowledge of intrigue he outwitted the revolutionaries at every point. He appeared to trust no one. Of boundless energy, early at work, and untiring in devising plans of action, he became practically head of all the departments of State. He understood their manifold ramifications, and mastered their details. Order and the restoration of the finances were his immediate objects. To achieve the former he dealt heroically with revolution, and in the face of uproar hung nine revolutionists at Vera Cruz at the beginning of his term of office. He knew his people, their volatile spirit, their regard for men rather than for principles, their respect for



genuine force, and he was strong enough to carry out his policy without wavering.

It was characteristic of this dark, self-contained, powerful man that on his assumption of the presidential office he should send for a number of bandit chiefs and say to them:

"Señors, how much do you make a year out of your business?"

They consulted together for a moment, then gave him an estimate.

"Señors," the astute man continued, "I can do better than that, and can give you honour and adventure also. I want you to put down banditry with a strong arm. I want you for my choice and particular soldiers, and you shall be the best of my gentlemen-guards, my boundary-riders." Then he offered them the highest pay of any soldiers in the world, and after consulting among themselves they accepted his terms. Thus were established the Rurales, one of the most dashing bodies of troops in the world, who, as Diaz had rightly conjectured, put down banditry with a decisiveness which astonished Mexico. There is no enthusiasm like that with which the Rurales are received everywhere; and this is saying much in a country where there are at least seven thousand soldiers quartered in the city of Mexico alone.

In Mexico, when I was there not long ago, I found numbers of persons who were opposed to Diaz, but they could point out no man who could possibly take his place, no one who could rank with him in practised astuteness, force of will, strength of character, or powers of administration. When in 1880 his term of office expired, and it was deemed expedient for him not to seek re-election, he secured the election of his Secretary of War, General Gonzalez, who passed through troublous times, and showed to no disadvantage, where personal bravery was concerned, during the Nickel Riots of 1883. Gonzalez was, however, unable to handle Mexican affairs, and when he retired in 1884 there was an enormous national debt to be faced. Riot and revolution burst forth again, but on Diaz taking office a better state of things began, the debt was consolidated, and the foreign credit of Mexico became something more than a doubtful term. In spite of the serious depression of silver, Mexico is now going steadily on to prosperity, though how prosperous she really is no man may quite know, for the public statements by the Government concerning revenues are evidently made in the interests of those who love to study puzzles; they are beyond the mathematics of the Anglo-Saxon. But to all outward appearances the country is on the way to permanent peace and power. It has important lines of railway and telegraph, mines and tobacco plantations are increasing, and there are great and various resources to be developed. As yet her largest trade is with England, in spite of the proximity of the United States.

What Mexico might be in that Southern Hemisphere, were it not for the United States, it is hard to say. She is rich in possibilities: she has wealth, she holds a strong continental position, she has a considerable population, and she is far advanced beyond the other States and Republics of the South in commerce, education, and government. She might dominate South America, provided she were left free with Diaz, or another like him, to direct a large policy of consolidation and confederation. Diaz could do it, probably would do it, if it were not for the United States, which would never permit a combination strong enough to be a rival to herself. It is the design of the United States to keep the southern republics separate and disunited, it is her policy to encourage the Cuban to "throw off the Spanish yoke," it is her hope to dominate Mexico one day. Imagine a Spanish-American-Indian Confederation in Mexico and South America, with a dogged self-reliant dictator like Diaz to harmonize the discordant elements, a dictator with a great faculty for organization and government, nominally a constitutional ruler, but in fact a semi-autocrat, possessing an army and a secret police that would control the whole country! The policy of Diaz is the best possible for Mexico. Till lately the existence of the Government depended on the existence of the army, and even at this date the well-drilled, strictly disciplined forces are the real guarantee against revolution and riot; for the fever of generations of

insurrection cannot be expelled from the veins of a people all in a moment.

Diaz has had his large dreams of confederation, he has seen himself filling a place in Mexico and South America like a Bismarck become an emperor in Europe; but he is one of the most cautious men of our time, and his ambition has been curbed by his admirable sound sense. He has a population to govern of whom at least one-half are comparatively irresponsible,—voters who seldom vote, citizens who know little of civic duty—a gentle, irascible, hospitable folk, to whom excitement is a keen joy and revolt almost a trade. Alert, of immense nerve, of vast powers of concentration, this descendant of the Montezumas holds the strings of every office in his administration. Directing, rather than consulting, his ministers, knowing the genius of his people, he is slowly shaping the power of self-government in a country which would, in truth, rather be ruled by a patriotic autocrat than rule itself: and such an autocrat is General Porfirio Diaz. He is also a very powerful guarantee for the security of trade, for the maintenance of the national credit, and for the general advancement of Mexico. But at the same time he is keen to keep Mexico Mexican, and therein is the germ of what promises to be an interesting study in national development.

GILBERT PARKER.

#### THE CHARM OF GROUSE-SHOOTING.

THE charm of grouse-shooting is felt by many who would not find it altogether easy to analyze. In our salad days, when we are green of judgment, the obtrusive appeal of a big bag is felt most strongly, but with widening experience we discover it is just that form of grouse-shooting which gives the larger bag which also possesses the lesser charm.

The pleasure of conscious power, the enjoyment of the exercise of skill, belong to all kinds of grouse-shooting, and as far as marksmanship goes, may be felt as much as anywhere in the butts. But marksmanship is only a part of grouse-shooting. The instinct of the chase finds but moderate satisfaction in waiting concealed in a battery or behind a wall for the birds to be driven overhead by an army of beaters. On the other hand, driven grouse give the most difficult shots. The mountain scenery and the mountain air between them largely make up the distinctive charm of grouse-shooting. And no doubt it is possible for the sportsman, while he waits, or between the drives, to take in the general features of the mountain scenery, the purple of heather and pink of heath in the foreground, the dark billows of the further moorland, and the blue of the distant slopes and peaks; but the beauty of the mountain environment, the exhilaration of the mountain air, is but faintly felt by one who stands to await his game instead of walking for hours over rough ground and smooth, up hill and down, in search of it. Excitement there is, of course. Who that has watched from his battery the dark-plumaged grouse skimming low down towards him, like swallows before rain, over the dark rolling expanse of the heather sea, has not felt the excitement, the doubt whether they will come straight to him or swerve, the keen satisfaction as a brace drop to his fire, carried almost into the battery by the impetus of their flight, while he turns to take his second gun and drop, if fortunate, another brace after they have passed the butts. Or, again, when birds are coming very high up down a strong wind there can be no keener satisfaction to a crack shot than to bring them down when every shot exercises to the utmost the combined skill of observing eye, directing brain, and obedient hand. But when everything has been said in favour of driving, we are still of opinion that to shoot your grouse over dogs is far better sport, and has a far keener as well as a more varied charm, besides being a more health-giving exercise than driving.

What, then, is the charm of grouse-shooting over dogs on a mountain or moor where there is plenty of cover? There is, first, the charm of watching the working of the dogs, the intelligence, the interest in the sport which makes skilled canine co-operation so fascinating to a lover of animals, as every sportsman must be. Then there is the pleasure of using one's knowledge of the habits of birds, of the grounds they will frequent, deep

heather or bracken cover in the hot middle of the August day, short heather, on which they feed, in the early morning or in the evening; of using one's knowledge of the moor in order that the ground may be so worked as to force the birds from all directions into strong holding cover, where they will be likely to lie well; the pleasure, in short, of using the stored-up experience that makes up what may, perhaps be called, moorcraft.

Then there is the walking which soon gets into hard condition the man who shoots over dogs and perseveres resolutely when, for the first two or three days, he feels the weakening effects of the sedentary life of towns. It is only by the sportsman who does the necessary hard walking that the exhilarating effects of the mountain air are felt in full. This exhilaration has been compared to that of champagne, but is more like the new sense of the mere joy of living that comes from a plunge in the sea after a long hot walk when one comes out light, alert, vigorous, and feeling as though by some magic the tireless activity of youth had been regained. The result of a few days' hard mountain walking after grouse is felt not only in lungs renewed and limbs made hard and vigorous, but in a brighter and healthier attitude of the mind towards life, which makes it possible to draw into the inmost being the joy of the broad earth, and is as invigorating to the moral and mental as to the physical nature. The charm of the mountains is always there, but the marksman who keeps to the butts has not gained, as the fixed price of hard exercise, the state of body and mind in which to feel it. The keenness of the eye to see, the freshness and strength of the nerves to receive and enjoy, can be got only from active exercise made possible by the excitement of sport, which stimulates a man to exert himself as he could never do without it.

What memories of sun-bright August days among the heathered hills rise before the mind's eye of the veteran grouse-shooter, memories that make August among months, and the Twelfth among days, the fairest and most desirable of all months and days in the year.

It is again the magic evening of the 11th of August, and already the morrow gleams glorious through the luminous and magnifying haze of youthful desire, unmodified as yet by experience. What dreams he remembers of breast-high heather swarming with grouse as big as blackcock, of rights and lefts that always bring down a brace of birds, of eager emulation with the crack shot of the party, who has, of course, in dreamland, to succumb to the indomitable tiro.

At last the expected day arrives, a start is made, and, as the party gets into line, suddenly the foremost pointer, who, with his companion, is quartering a slope of short heather, comes to a dead point, well backed by his fellow-worker. The guns approach, the tiro, in his eagerness, first. Up, with a whirr that seems to his tense nerves deafening, gets a covey of nine, and the tiro, without knowing how he has done it, sees his first grouse, the first brace of the season, drop to his right and left like stones in the short heather nearly forty yards off. Can any after-experience of sport equal in fresh delight the young grouse-shooter's initiation. Now for the first time he really feels himself to be of some account. His secret self-confidence has not been misplaced. There is a touch of real respect in the congratulations of the keeper. The tiro has won his spurs as a sportsman. He picks up his birds himself, and the touch of the warm feathers, the sight of the burnished copper splendour of the breast plumage, and the coral circlets of the eyes, now greyly lidded over in death, thrill him with a warmth of admiration which the finest old cockbird secured by the most difficult shot is never again likely to excite. Not without an effort he gives up his prize to the keeper, and the guns move on. The experience is several times repeated, not, of course, unvaried by an occasional miss, and the impression, though not exactly the same, lifts the young shooter into the seventh heaven as he realizes that his marksmanship is no "fluke," that he is really a good shot, till the 12-bore feels in his elated hands the very thunderbolt of Jove, and he himself the lord and master of the feathered creation.

And now comes a fresh experience. It is the hot middle of the day, and the coveys which have taken refuge in the dark-green forest of the bracken and flowering rushes, or in the neighbouring cover of

deep heather, are flushed and broken up. Then the broods scatter, and the birds which have dropped singly and lie close are found one by one by the dogs. The shots are easy and the bag grows rapidly. The dogs get seven or eight points over each scattered covey, and the care and steadiness with which they work are a treat to witness, and do not go unobserved or unenjoyed by any of the sportsmen, least of all by the fascinated beginner. After a brief halt for luncheon by the side of some mountain burn, whose voice as it murmurs over its rocky bed is the music of the mountain solitude, the afternoon's work begins. The coveys have been forced by judicious generalship into the corries and little hollows of the hillside, where deep bracken and rushes and old unburned heather supply good holding cover. The dogs work well after rest and water. The birds lie like stones and are flushed almost under the noses of the pointers, and rising singly, or in twos or threes, are easily bagged. Towards evening the guns move to the stretches of short young heather where, by this time, some of the coveys have come back to feed, and where they now lie far better than they did on the same ground in the morning. At last the setting sun and falling temperature give the signal for departure. The last shot is fired. Guns are shouldered. It only remains to count the bag and make for home.

The grouse-shooters leave the mountain, taking with them not only the bag, and the satisfaction of their skill in making it, but the consciousness that the sense of weariness which comes from hard walking in the clear mountain air is the antechamber to dreamless sleep, and, when the experience has been several times repeated, the conscious health and vigour of that state of hard condition in which life is felt to be really worth living. Nor is this all. It seems as if Providence or Chance had appointed that the grouse should become fit to shoot just at the time when the mountains are at their loveliest and the weather to enjoy them at its best. With the physical nature raised to its highest capacity of enjoyment by exercise and excitement, with the eyesight sharpened by the same means, the sportsman is in a position of unique fitness to appreciate the beauty of wild nature on the mountains and in the glens.

The tourist keeps mainly to the roads, the sportsman penetrates to the heart of the mountains, as he would never do if he were not in pursuit of the August coveys. Thus, if his moor be in Perthshire, he finds himself in the midst of purple solitudes where the amethyst slopes of the mountains drop steeply into the blue of the lochs, where the grey crags rise from the universal purple to crown the mountain's crest; while lower down, the birch leaves begin to take a golden glow above the silvery satin of the birch trunks, and at intervals in the corries the orange-tinted coral of the rowan berries cluster thick among the feathery frondage. The nearer mountains shift their tints, now like a humming-bird's breast, now like a mallard's neck, as sunlight and shadow pass over them. The far mountains, fading from purple to violet, melt gradually into the blueness of the all-embracing sky. Over the purple heather pass the rich golden brown grouse, the blue mountain hares, and occasionally the dark magnificence of some old blackcock in full plumage, or even more impressive if less beautiful, rising from among the red boles of a relic of the primeval fir-forest, the broad-winged bulk of that woodland giant, the capercaillie.

Not less beautiful, and possessing distinctive characteristics of its own, is the scenery which meets the eyes of the sportsman who follows his setters among the wild solitudes of Kerry or Mayo. There you may find a paradise for the lover of Nature, and also for the sportsman, if he be content with a modest though varied bag. There in August, at any rate, there are days of unclouded sunshine, when the Atlantic for a too brief season keeps back its teeming rain-clouds, and all is bright on land and sea. The sun beats down hotly on a wide panorama of heathered hills breaking down in lofty precipices to the open ocean or land-locked straits of sea. The windless atmosphere shimmers with the heat haze. Everywhere from the higher ground one catches glimpses of the steel-grey Atlantic plain, and the keen salt scent of the sea mingles its subtle associations with the coolness of the heather-scented mountain air. The coveys of grouse are few but strong on the wing. A bag of



twenty brace will involve an amount of climbing as well as walking unknown on a Scotch moor. Here there are no trees, but the scenery is magnificent in colour and form, while the immensity of the Atlantic makes an impressive background. Here the great Mediterranean heath grows shoulder-high, a miniature forest which vies in depth and density with the deep green jungle of the bracken. Here the queenly Osmundas stand lush and deep, in stately conclave assembled, about the dark waterways. Here the delicate flesh-colour of the waxen bells of the cross-leaved heath contrasts softly with the strong purple of the sun-crisped heather. Over broad areas of mountain is spread a carpet of exquisitely fine branched white moss, against which the crimson of heather or the rich gold of bog-asphodel show brightly. Here, descending from the heathered mountains to the bogs in the glens, one finds the vivid green of the marsh-mosses lit up with tiny jewels of the pink-lipped sundew; while little loughs of black bog water are set in a border of green lily pads starred with the snowy cups of the lilyflowers. And here from the sage-green thickets of aromatic bog-myrtle or the cool emerald of the rushbeds will rise the snipe with his twisting flight, or a stray woodcock, to try the marksman's skill, or from the lilyed lough a trip of teal, tiniest and best of wild ducks, or a great mallard with lustrous neck and strong-winged flight; while on the mountain's side the bag of grouse and hares will be varied at times when, with clear soft whistle, a company of golden plover whiz past, or when a wary curlew is taken by surprise as the sportsmen suddenly appear above a steep ridge of mountain. The grouse themselves, though very few in number, are finer birds than those which densely populate a Scotch or Yorkshire moor. The plumage is much lighter, a pale golden brown deepening with age to a coppery red, and the birds are heavier and stronger of flight. Then the magnificent cliff scenery, among which the grouse are to be found, adds to the charm. To look down after a successful right and left, at the moving mother-of-pearl of the sunlit sea, hundreds of feet below, is to enjoy a new sensation; while to begin the day and end it by a swimming out through the Atlantic combers is to improve your health by leaps and bounds, as a judicious investment in "Kaffirs" improves your balance at the bankers.

#### LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.—XIII.

##### "PAST RESULTS."

IF every company that has once paid a good dividend could be relied on to continue paying an equally good dividend for all time, the army of disappointed investors would lose most of its recruits. There would be no more bank failures, and gold-mining shares would be added to the list of first-class securities. The idea is indeed charming, but unfortunately it shows no promise of being realized in this age, and something more than ordinary audacity is needed to ask the public to take a commercial enterprise simply on the faith of its previous achievements, without any evidence that they will be or can be repeated. The examination which we have lately been at some pains to make of the prospectuses of certain Life Offices has accustomed us, to be sure, to look to those institutions for an assurance of another kind than that advertised, and we have ceased to feel any surprise at finding former bonuses quoted as the sole and sufficient basis for estimates of future bonuses; but we confess that we were scarcely prepared for the unblushing use of "past results" which is being made by reputable concerns such as the Equity and Law Life Assurance Society and the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Unquestionably both these offices have formerly declared bonuses which would nowadays be considered extraordinarily good; but it is easy to show that the same rate of profit is practically impossible under present conditions, and we do not hesitate to say that the practice of "trotting out" these obsolete statistics as though they represented results still attainable reflects nothing but discredit on both the candour and the wisdom of the management. The device is really no whit more honest than if it should be attempted to induce the public to invest in Consols at 107½ by publishing a return of the interest yielded by the old Three per Cents to a stockholder who bought them at 90.

We shall deal first with the Equity and Law Office, because it is by far the worst offender. This society arrived last year at its jubilee, but, as we shall see presently, the investigation of its affairs at the close of the year did not afford its members much material for jubilation. Shortly before the result of that investigation was declared, we wrote to the actuary inquiring the probable result of effecting an endowment insurance with the office for certain typical periods, and in reply we were favoured personally with the following remarkable estimates, based on "past results."

Age at Entry.	Age when payable.	Annual Premium on Policy for £1000.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.	Policy and Bonus at Maturity, according to "past results."	Gain as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
35	50	£ 69 3 4	£ 1271	£ 1526	£ 255
35	60	£ 41 11 8	£ 1456	£ 1729	£ 273
25	60	£ 28 6 8	£ 1595	£ 1996	£ 401

Now, we venture to say that the figures in the fifth column of this table no more represent the returns on the bulk of the society's business than the familiar "sample" of a gold mine represents the value of the whole property. It is a matter of common knowledge in insurance circles that the bonuses declared in 1884 and 1889 were due in great measure to transactions in reversionary interests entered into under conditions which competition has now rendered impossible. Indeed, we notice that during the past five years the sum invested in reversions has fallen from 25 per cent to 15 per cent of the total investments. The profit on these securities is estimated in the report at from 5 to 6 per cent per annum, whereas the average rate of interest earned on all other securities was in 1894 only £3 19s. 1d. per cent. Taking the maximum estimate of the profit on reversions, we find that the average rate of interest earned on the whole funds is about 4½ per cent; yet the company would have us believe from the first of the foregoing examples that they can pay an investor a sum which, without allowing one farthing for death risk or expenses of management or agents' commission, amounts to a return of the premiums with compound interest at the rate of nearly 4½ per cent!

Under these circumstances we determined to make a comparative examination of the Board of Trade returns for the last fifteen years before dealing further with this company. As we have more than once pointed out, the Act unfortunately does not require the companies to furnish examples of bonuses granted on endowment insurances, and the Equity and Law Society is in no mood to volunteer information. But the bonuses on whole-life policies afford a sufficient indication of the general prosperity of an office, and, with the phenomenal figures we have quoted still fresh in our recollection, we were not a little startled at the enforced declaration of the truth. The surplus funds proved to be less than at the previous valuation, while the number of persons entitled to participation has largely increased; and, as a consequence, the reversionary bonus on new policies has dropped by more than 100 per cent! Here is a table showing the reversionary bonuses declared at the last three valuations on a policy for £100 effected at the age of thirty.

Five years ending	Duration of Policy.				Average Rate per Annum on Sum originally assured.
	5 years.	10 years.	15 years.	20 years.	
1884	£ 11 0 0	£ 12 10 0	£ 14 0 0	£ 16 0 0	£ 2 13 6
1889	£ 10 0 0	£ 10 10 0	£ 11 0 0	£ 12 0 0	£ 2 4 0
1894	£ 4 10 0	£ 6 0 0	£ 8 0 0	£ 9 0 0	£ 1 7 6

Even this terribly rapid decadence does not fully indicate the state of affairs from the point of view of an endowment insurer, because the system of dividing the surplus is altogether in favour of old lives already on the books, so that the prospects of a young man who enters the office at the present time are gloomy in the extreme. We repeat that it is discreditable to any respectable company, with actual figures such as these

before them, to continue to bait their hooks in the manner we have exposed. Is it too much to expect the Equity and Law Company to adopt the straightforward course of framing its estimates on the basis of the last bonus? We trust not. We note with satisfaction that the prospectus sent to us is marked "Proof copy, errors excepted," and we are not unmindful of the fact that the directorate of the company contains a couple of dozen of the most respected names in the profession of the law. It is possible that the directors have not yet seen this proof prospectus; it is almost certain that they have not examined it; and we hope still that they will not suffer it to go forth to the world at large in its present outrageous shape. When Vice-Chancellor Robinson remarked last November, during the trial of the case of *Worsley versus the Scottish Provident Institution*, that the transaction under inquiry "was not a fair one, was not a just one, and was not a reasonable one," he had the concurrence of all honourable men. We should be sorry indeed if the painful duty should hereafter be imposed upon him of delivering similar strictures upon the office of which he is himself a director. Yet we maintain that the statements we have quoted are neither fair, nor just, nor reasonable; and, setting these considerations aside, it should be clear to the management that nothing is to be gained in the long run by creating a class of policyholders who are doomed to certain disappointment, and who are sure to become the enemies of the company that has misled them.

Of the old Equitable office we would fain speak in terms of even undue moderation and respect. It has lived so long with us, and with our fathers before us, that we are ready to overlook things that elsewhere might be questioned, and to make every reasonable allowance for the infirmities of age. But it must really abjure its recent endeavours to woo the public in the character of a rejuvenated Faust. With its immense reputation and exceptionally moderate cost of management, its position as a thoroughly sound office is assured; but it has shortly to face a valuation on the basis of a "Healthy Males" table of mortality in place of the discredited "Northampton Table" that has hitherto been used, and it is absurd to quote, as if they were perennial, results due chiefly to the fact that the society was a large holder of Consols purchased at a very low price and has profited generally by the appreciation of its securities. Surely this venerable institution can afford to rest upon its real merits, without borrowing the methods of some of its less scrupulous juniors. The directors should see to this matter with all speed, for there can be no doubt that a cruel disappointment awaits all those who have insured their lives in the belief that the bonuses now being advertised will be repeated.

This office has only lately commenced to issue "with profit" endowment insurances, and the system adopted is certainly not calculated to captivate the investor who looks before he leaps. The comparative prospects of two insurers entering the office last year, the one with an endowment insurance for £1000 and the other with a whole-life policy for the same amount, are as follows, assuming future bonuses to be at the rate of 1 per cent per annum on the sum assured, which is a very liberal estimate considering the system adopted.

Five Years ending	Endowment Insurer.	Whole-life Insurer.
1899 . . . . .	50	50
1904 . . . . .	50	100
1909 . . . . .	50	150
1914 . . . . .	50	200
1919 . . . . .	50	250
1924 . . . . .	50	300
1929 . . . . .	50	350
Total bonuses . . .	350	1400

In plain words, at *each* division of profits the whole-life insurer is credited with as much as the endowment insurer has altogether! We predict that this ridiculously unjust arrangement will very soon be abandoned, but until this happens the office should be carefully avoided by investors.

We have not commented upon these two societies in any unfriendly spirit, but rather in the hope of calling the attention of the directors to the fact—of which we

refuse to believe that they have hitherto been aware—that they are holding out expectations to the public which nothing short of a miracle can enable them to realize. For confirmation of this view they need only consult their own actuaries.

## MONEY MATTERS.

THE interruption to business caused by the August Bank holiday and the closing of the Stock Exchange last Saturday and Monday naturally had their effect on the Money Market, which was quite inactive in the early part of the week. Loan rates were at  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent and  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. Later on, however, there was greater firmness in the market, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent was asked in many cases for short loans. Business was also very quiet in the discount market, but the tendency was towards steadiness. On Thursday, three months' bills stood at  $\frac{9}{16}$  to  $\frac{5}{8}$  per cent, four months' at  $\frac{5}{8}$  per cent, and six months' at  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{7}{8}$  per cent. The monthly settlement in Paris having been completed, the Paris cheque rose during the week and touched 25f. 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. on Thursday. Consols were still quoted at about 107. Colonial loans were steady, whilst a "record" in Indian Railway stocks was scored by Bombay and Baroda, which were quoted at 222 on Wednesday. The Bank rate remains at 2 per cent.

On the Stock Exchange the temporary cessation of business seemed rather to have stimulated than checked transactions in the South African and West Australian mining markets. The rest of the markets were flat, with few exceptions. There was an advance in the prices of the "heavy" Home Railway stocks, owing to the satisfactory Board of Trade returns and last week's traffic receipts. No less than four "records" were achieved: by the London and Brighton with an increase of £3408, the Great Northern with £6351, the London and North-Western with £12,317, and the Caledonian with £20,249. Among other traffic receipts, we note a large increase (£10,809) in the Midland.

According to the report of the Midland Company for the last half-year, the total decrease in the traffic was £145,797, for which the "stagnation in trade in districts served by the Company, and particularly in the coal and iron industries," together with "increased and increasing railway competition," are held responsible. The coal strike undoubtedly caused the railway companies involved much injury, and the Midland report attributes the larger part of its decreased receipts to the diminished traffic in minerals. The Scotch railways are again conspicuous for their excellent returns. The Caledonian we have already mentioned, and the North British hold a good place with an increase of £10,679. Great Eastern have an increase of £5689, Great Western of £5680, London and South-Western of £4229, South-Eastern of £3956, London and Chatham of £2122, Great Northern of Ireland of £955, &c. The decreases are few, and are only noteworthy in the cases of the North-Eastern (£6191) and the Lancashire and Yorkshire (£1479).

American Railways were generally neglected, and prices were almost entirely swayed by New York operators. The reason is that business in the United States has lately been very active, and there have been large imports into the country. The balance for these imports may eventually have to be paid in gold, and the renewed fear of gold shipments has affected the Railway Market unfavourably. Canadian Pacific shares and Grand Trunk stocks fluctuated in sympathy with the American Market. Mexican Railways were firm, and there was an upward movement in the prices of most Argentine stocks.

The Foreign Market was quiet and inclined to dullness, in consequence of sales for Paris account and the weakness of Spanish Four per Cents. In the South American department prices tended to be firm. Paris selling also caused a momentary decline in the Brazilian loans, with the exception of the new loan, which was steady at about  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  premium on Thursday.



In the South African mining market there was again marked activity. Realizations with the object of securing profits were the cause of some fluctuations, but the tone of the market was strong, and there were few exceptions to the general advance in prices. In the general mining market, West Australian shares were in good request. Indian and copper shares fluctuated irregularly. The silver market was neglected, but the price of bar-silver remained at about 30½*d.* per ounce.

*A propos* of our recent announcement that Sir Leslie Falkiner had resigned his directorship of the Middle Black Reef Gold Mines, Limited, a correspondent calls our attention to the fact that the hon. baronet still figures as a director of the Rights and Exploring Company of Rhodesia, Limited, an equally unpromising and dubious promotion, which received deservedly severe criticism in these columns when it made its appearance in July last. Our correspondent not unnaturally wonders what are the attractions which hold Sir Leslie to the latter concern seeing that he had the good sense to sever his connection with the first-named Company. We share in his surprise; but perhaps Sir Leslie Falkiner will explain?

In connection with our recent references to the Middle Black Reef Gold Mines, Limited, to which we make allusion above, Mr. J. D. Alexander writes to us that he also has resigned his seat on the board of directors of that Company. We are glad to learn that the wise example of Sir Leslie Falkiner is being followed.

The McKenzie Gold Mines, Limited, has just made its appearance, under extraordinary circumstances, in the winding-up court. We propose to refer more fully to this matter after the proceedings which are at present pending have been disposed of.

We are informed that Mr. W. H. Evans and Mr. James Boyton have resigned their seats on the board of Louise & Co., Limited. No reason is assigned for this step, but it is understood to have reference to circumstances connected with the promotion of the Company.

Those who have assumed that the financial anxieties of the Australian colonies were at an end will have been somewhat sharply disillusioned by the troubles of the City of Melbourne Bank, Limited, which this week closed its doors, and of Messrs. Goldsbrough, Mort & Co., Limited. Both these concerns were reconstructed a couple of years ago, but have found it impossible to go on even under materially lightened conditions. The circumstance that two such important institutions, which were reconstructed so recently, should be anxious to reconstruct again—in other words, to reduce interest and secure new capital—serves to remind the world of the thin ice on which Australian financiers are compelled in these days to walk. Not the least significant and disquieting fact of the matter is that the new difficulties in which Messrs. Goldsbrough, Mort & Co. have been involved, arise from the banking operations of the firm, whose proper *métier* is wool-broking.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

##### THE TARARU CREEK GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capital, £95,000, in shares of 10*s.* each.

It is a pity that the emendations of the Companies' law proposed by Mr. Bryce's Committee and recently published as a Blue-book have not yet been converted into the law of the land, for in that case it is only reasonable to suppose that the prospectus of this Company would never have seen the light. Mr. Bryce's Committee advise that the "waiver" clause be abolished: in this prospectus it appears in full force. Mr. Bryce's Committee recommend, too, that the names and addresses of vendor and promoter, and the profits they and their creatures make, should be set out in detail in the prospectus, whereas this prospectus does not give us the vendor's or promoter's name, much less the profit they hope to reap. In fact, this prospectus is a most meagre and disappointing document. We learn from it that "the purchase consideration has been fixed by the

vendor at £65,000, payable as to £10,000 in cash, £35,000 in fully paid shares, and the balance in cash or shares at the option of the directors," leaving 30,000 shares to be appropriated for working capital, if the whole of the capital is subscribed, which certainly seems to us one of the most improbable of assumptions. We are almost inclined to read this prospectus by the light of our knowledge of such documents. The promoters want £10,000 in cash in order to pay for the expenses of getting up the prospectus, printing it and advertising, which expenses most probably would not amount to more than £1000. If then the public subscribe even £20,000 towards this precious Company, the directors might go to allotment on £10,000 of working capital, while the promoters would walk off with £10,000 for their modest outlay, and a couple of years hence the Company would probably be in liquidation. It may be said that we are slandering the directors by supposing them capable of such conduct, but directors have done such things or worse in the past, and our duty to the public leads us to point out that they may again fall short of a standard of absolute rectitude. If only the recommendations of that Committee had already become law, we should have turned to the prospectus to find the minimum amount of capital with which the directors would go to allotment, but this prospectus gives us no such information; in fact, it gives us no information at all that is of any real value, except the report by so-called experts and a map, which may or may not be accurate. We look upon this Tararu Company as a wild speculation, and accordingly we advise our readers to give it a wide berth.

##### R. & J. PULLMAN, LIMITED.

This is a Company which has been formed to acquire and extend the old-established business of Messrs. R. & J. Pullman, leather-dressers, &c. The capital is £213,000, divided into 70,000 five per cent cumulative preference shares of £1 each, 140,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and 3000 founder's shares of £1 each. The price to be paid for the whole of the properties to be acquired is £136,349 15*s.* 5*d.*, payable as to one half in cash and the balance in cash or shares, at the option of the directors. The books and accounts of the business for the five years ending 30 September, 1894, have been examined, and, according to the auditor's certificate which is included in the prospectus, show an average net profit of £15,137 7*s.* 4*d.* for the three years ending 30 September, 1892, and £21,025 13*s.* 7*d.* and £22,928 11*s.* 1*d.* respectively for the years ending 30 September, 1893, and 30th September, 1894. We must confess to regarding with some amount of suspicion these sudden jumps in profits which invariably (in prospectuses) occur during the one or two years immediately preceding the conversion of a business into a limited company. It is only fair to admit, however, that we see no reason in this particular instance to doubt the accuracy of the figures supplied. The prospectus is so very well drawn, and is besides such an extremely business-like document, that it is difficult to find fault with it. If we may accept the statements in this prospectus as correct, the shareholders in the Company would appear to have a fairly safe investment.

##### HARROD'S STORES, LIMITED.

The directors of Harrod's Stores, Limited, offer for subscription 28,000 cumulative five per cent preference shares of £5 each at a premium of 12*s.* 6*d.* per share. This issue is made to provide funds for the purchase of additional land and the erection of buildings thereon, which are found to be necessary for the extension of the Stores' premises in order to meet the rapid growth of the business. The remarkable success of Harrod's Stores since a limited Company undertook its development is well known. The Company which acquired the Stores was incorporated in November 1889, and since that period the business has grown continuously. The rate of progress has been extraordinary; in 1890 the net profits earned were £13,519 2*s.* 5*d.*, in 1891 £16,071 12*s.* 5*d.*, in 1892 £21,161 3*s.* 11*d.*, in 1893 £29,786 6*s.* 3*d.*, in 1894 £37,404 15*s.* 6*d.*, while the balance sheet to 30 June of the present year shows a further net increase of upwards of £5000 over the profits for the corresponding period of 1894.

## WEINERS, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed to acquire the business of J. Weiner, Limited, artistic lithographers, pictorial placard printers, and show-card manufacturers, which has been carried on in London, Paris, and Vienna for some time past, the original business having been established, we are told, thirty-five years ago. The capital of the Company is £65,000, divided into 15,000 six per cent preference and 50,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. The purchase price is £58,000, payable £21,666 in ordinary shares, £12,000 in cash, and the balance in cash or shares at the option of the directors. According to the prospectus, the present net profits are more than sufficient to meet the interest on the preference shares, while the ordinary shareholders may reasonably expect as much as 9 per cent. We sincerely hope that they may get it.

## THE DE MARE INCANDESCENT GAS LIGHT SYSTEM, LTD.

In the litigation between this Company and the Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, in which the De Mare Company is the defendant, the application of the plaintiff Company for an injunction at once to restrain the defendants from manufacturing or selling was dismissed a day or two ago by Mr. Justice Day, and was ordered to stand over until the trial of the action without any undertaking on either side. We understand that the De Mare Company will forthwith commence to manufacture and sell their admirable light.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "CELIBATES" AND MR. GEORGE MOORE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 5 August, 1893.

SIR,—It is well known that when a book fails, falls apparently still-born from the press, it may be galvanized into spurious life if any paper of repute will lend its columns to a discussion respecting its merits or even its demerits. To the non-success of "Celibates" I must, therefore, I suppose, attribute Mr. Moore's undignified letter in your last week's issue. But I fear he has sacrificed much to gain little. No amount of controversy will resuscitate this dull and mistaken volume; Mr. Moore's loss of dignity has been in vain.

But as I, Sir, do not care to rest under the stigma of having been unduly harsh, I shall ask you to permit me to restate my case, not only against "Celibates" but against Mr. Moore's work generally, with a view to proving my charge of "inartistic and unnecessary grossness." I will confine myself as nearly as possible to this point, because I do not wish to encroach too much upon your space, and because this was actually the gravamen of my article. I contended therein that although "Celibates" is a badly written, badly constructed book, Mr. Moore's lapses from grammar might have been forgiven, his jagged untutored style disregarded, his verbosity overlooked, if only he had purged his pages of certain specified blemishes. I fear I shall be violating the unwritten laws of journalistic etiquette when I say that, in the review originally submitted to you, I quoted the most offensive of these blemishes, and that, having accepted the article, you declined to print the quotations, on the ground that no paper could possibly publish such passages! I may, I think, adduce this as sufficient testimony that Mr. Moore has written grossly. That such grossness was "unnecessary and inartistic" is shown by his failure, even with this license, to present the type he had in his mind, or, indeed, any type at all. Mildred Lawson is nauseous but unconvincing. Her sentiments (p. 79) and her conversation (p. 185) are mere pegs on which Mr. Moore has hung immodest suggestions. The scenes amid which she moves are pictorially vivid, but the *dramatis personæ* are mere shadows, and degraded at that.

Now, recent events have proved that, whatever a man's ideas or code of morals may be, no amount of talent will save him from the necessity of living and writing with due regard to the conventions and decencies of English life. The author of "Esther Waters" need not have been in the *index expurgatorius* of library, club, or college. With his fine power of observation, his conscientious and untiring industry, his artistic

instinct and indomitable spirit, he might have been well forward in the second rank of contemporary novelists. That he is not, that "he has escaped the eye of the *élite* and missed the ear of the public," is due to the fact that, with one notable exception, every story Mr. Moore has written contains sentences, paragraphs, and pages which are simply—I apologize for the expression, but none other serves—gratuitously dirty.

I said this as plainly as I could in my article, because it appeared to me that the time had arrived to utter this protest, to give Mr. Moore this warning. I said so because it was possible that this ugly fault of his was due more to his desire to advertise his wares than to an ineradicable idiosyncrasy, and I hoped that the author of "Mike Fletcher" and "Spring Days" would take my words to heart, and would cease his attempts to attract attention by illegitimate means. I was sure he could now afford the experiment.

But Mr. Moore will have none of my warning. His uneasy vanity, or perhaps his business instinct, prevents him letting the unfortunate "Celibates" drop out of sight; it compels him to rush into print and accuse his critic of "malevolence." It is a whine that many whipped authors have made under the lash, but it is unworthy of Mr. Moore's abilities, and even of his reputation. His writhing *tu quoque* seems to be all the argument he has at his command with which to rebut my accusation, and even in that he stultifies himself, with his usual lack of humour, by claiming me as his pupil! He complains that, because I have denounced his peculiarities, he will never have another disciple. I wish I could think so, but unhappily I cannot. Mr. Moore has had some measure of success, and consequently he will still find followers.

But will he persist in this attitude? Is it too late for him to learn something of delicacy of treatment, even if he must continue to select unsavoury themes? His poems are forgotten, and certain theatrical ventures of his, which I will not now specify, have charitably been allowed to pass out of sight. The public is a forgiving public, quick to recognize and to reward; will Mr. Moore not mend his ways, and even now try to earn the esteem which should be the meed of his talent? Will he not prove to me that I have not written completely in vain?

One point more and I have done. Mr. Moore says I have misunderstood his title; and he discourses long-windedly about its various roots and derivatives. If only Mr. Moore had not consulted that dictionary of the use of which he is so proud! If only he had had a friend to jog his elbow and cry "To your Horace, my dear sir, to your Horace," he would have avoided his grotesque error in translating *celebs* as "unmarried state," and might have disguised a little longer his fatal ignorance of even the simplest schoolboy Latin. This "celibate" whom I have misunderstood "is the real demi-vierge, that combination of sexlessness and sensuality which go (*sic*) to make a type sufficiently common to justify artistic treatment. . . . For the first time in journalism a critic has undertaken to criticize a book, the meaning of the very title of which she is unacquainted!" "I am in no mood to make merry" over these sentences, but I am afraid that more easily moved people than myself will find Mr. Moore's ungrammatical indignation extremely humorous.

Of the more personal matters in Mr. Moore's letter I will abstain from speaking. My intermittent acquaintance with him died a natural death. That he is unaware of my present address is, therefore, neither remarkable nor interesting; whether it be Belgravia or Maida Vale, St. James' or St. Giles', does not affect the value of my criticism.—Yours truly,

FRANK DANBY.

## LOCOMOTION ON ROADS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 August, 1893.

SIR,—Referring to the letter on the above subject which appeared in your last issue, is it generally known that at present the law regulates the pace of road locomotives, and also insists on a man walking sixty yards in front? I wrote some weeks ago to ask Mr. F. R. Simms how this difficulty was got over in the case of the Daimler carriages, but received no more satisfactory reply than that he would "consider the point."—Yours obediently,

A. E. CAULFIELD.



## REVIEWS.

## PAST DAYS IN EAST ANGLIA.

"Two Suffolk Friends." By Francis Hindes Groome.  
London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

THE two Suffolk friends were Edward Fitzgerald and Archdeacon Groome. The author of "Omar Khayyám" is, of course, well known. Though he will never be one of the popular favourites, Mr. Aldis Wright's "Letters and Literary Remains" show him to the world as a charming letter-writer, the friend of Thackeray, Tennyson, Carlyle, and other men pre-eminent in literature, the studious recluse who nourished his Muse literally upon lentils. Archdeacon Groome's name was familiar only to a small circle of friends. "A very civilized, well-lettered, and agreeable Archdeacon of this District," Fitzgerald, in one of his letters, calls him, and a more apt description would be difficult to find. These two retiring natures, preferring to the noisy crowd of men the still life of their native East Anglian countryside, went together for many years along the byways of their world. They found their chief pleasure in literature, in hours of contemplation, in studying the simple characters and in practising themselves in the homely dialect of the brave Suffolk folk about them. They lived in the neighbourhood of Crabbe's country. The Archdeacon was a native of Crabbe's birthplace, Aldborough, and Fitzgerald was on terms of the closest intimacy with the poet's son and grandson. An echo of their pleasant lives comes to us distinctly in these pages. In the swirl of the Deben water, Fitzgerald's lugger, the "Meum and Tuum," again passes downward to the sea, with its skipper, "Posh," the "Man so beyond others," the "Man fit to be King of a Kingdom as well as of a Lugger;" Posh, own brother, surely, to old Peggotty or to Ham. The pike plash among the reeds and waterlilies of the old monastery-fish-pond at Monk Soham, as the Archdeacon's gaunt, ascetic figure daily paces by its margin. The friends meet, to talk of recent books, to discuss a line of Catullus or a passage in Montaigne, to weigh a hundred literary trifles, or to exchange tales of country folk-lore. May be a letter is read from their common friend, Thompson, Master of Trinity, or from Donne, the licenser of plays. A quotation of Omar is perhaps set down for criticism. "Oh! 'tis a pleasant Time. But it passes, passes," as Fitzgerald writes to a friend. In 1883 the kindly Suffolk soil received his remains. Six years later his old friend rejoined him. Both were ripe to harvest.

Even in East Anglia the world changes and the fashion thereof. In all Suffolk it would be difficult now to find many examples of the Low Church parson so common there in the early fifties. Simple, pious, and unassuming men, they had yet the defects of their excellent qualities. In or out of season, they were as constant in prayer as their predecessors the Puritans. Seriousness was their daily food; amusement, except of the very plainest kind, their poison. Earnest they were; but their earnestness was inimical to joy. In truth, when (as sometimes happened) they were neither scholars nor inspired by the virtue of common sense, they were more than a trifle tedious. But when, on the plain stock of natural piety and of human kindness, there were grafted culture, humour, and shrewd observation, the result was a man like the Archdeacon. The world holds no pleasanter companions. This little book would be welcome, if only for its sketch of one of the best of these wise, simple men. But it has stronger claims on our interest. It adds a little—an aftermath, as the author calls it—to what we possess of Fitzgerald. It contains a store of most charming East Anglian stories. It portrays vividly the wholesome Suffolk rustic, whether of the sea or of the glebe. It is written from title-page to end with the finish of a practised hand, and is pervaded by the true feeling of filial sympathy.

Perhaps the most attractive figure in its pages is Fitzgerald's humble friend, the masterful, manly, large-limbed, larger-hearted skipper, "Posh." We had met him before in the "Letters and Literary Remains." "I declare, you and I have seen a Man," Fitzgerald

wrote to Laurence, "made in the mould of what humanity should be, body and soul." In 1867 Fitzgerald went into partnership with Posh in a herring-lugger; later, the connection was dissolved. "A grand, tender soul," Fitzgerald calls him, "lodged in a suitable carcass. The colouring is (when the Man is all well) as fine as his form: the finest Saxon type: with that complexion which Montaigne calls *vis, mâle, et flamboyant*: blue eyes, and strictly auburn hair, that any woman might wish to possess."

This picture, taken from the Letters, is filled in by Fitzgerald with many tender little touches in the pages before us. "The man is, I do think, of a Royal Nature. I have told him he is liable to one Danger (the Hare with many friends)—so many wanting him to *drink*. He says, it's quite true, and that he is often obliged to run away: as I believe he does: for his House shows all Temperance and Order." "I have just left him: having caught him with a Pot of white paint (some of which was on his Face) and having made him dine on cold Beef in the Suffolk Hotel Bowling-green, washing all down with two Tankards of Bullard's Ale. He was not displeased to dine abroad; as this is Saturday, when he says there are apt to be 'Squalls' at home, because of washing," &c. "Posh and I had been sauntering in the Churchyard, and reading the Epitaphs: looking at his own little boy's grave—'Poor little Fellow. He wouldn't let his Mother go near him—I can't think why—but kept his little Fingers twisted in my Hair, and wouldn't let me go; and when Death strook him, as I may say, halloo'd out 'Daddy!'" . . . Yesterday we went to Yarmouth, and looked into the Great Church: where, when Posh pulled off his cap, and stood erect but not irreverent, I thought he looked as good an Image of the Mould that Man was originally cast in, as you may chance to see in the Temple of *The Maker* in these Days. . . . Posh—after no fish caught for 3 weeks—has had his boat come home with nearly all her fleet of nets torn to pieces in last week's winds. On Wednesday he had to go 8 miles on the other side of Halesworth after a runaway—came home, drenched from top to toe, with a great Bulrush in his hand, which he could not help admiring as he went along: and went with me to the Theatre afterwards, where he admired the 'Gays,' as he called the Scenes; but fell asleep before Shylock had whetted his knife in the Merchant of Venice."

We have left too little space for adequate notice of the Archdeacon's Suffolk stories, which, after all, are the chief feature of the book. Such stories as "The Only Darter" and "Master Charley" will not admit of extracts, but must be read as they stand to be appreciated in their pathos. Their tenderness comes of tears. Other pages smile with lighter reminiscences, such as that of Tom Pepper, "the last of our Monk Soham yeomen," a man of the old Ironsides type, a strong Dissenter, and apt, in his Little Bethel, to denounce the Established Church. "'The clargy,' he once declared, 'they're here, and they ain't here; they're like pigs in the garden, and yeou can't get 'em out.' On which an old woman, a member of the flock, sprang up and cried, 'That's right, Brother Pepper, kitch 'em by the fifth buttonhole!'" James Wilding, "a splendid type of the Suffolk labourer," a kind of inland Posh, was induced to emigrate, with his wife, his large family, and his old one-legged mother, to somewhere near New Orleans. "How are you going?" he was asked a few days before they started. "I don't fare to know rightly," was the answer, "but we're goin' to sleep the first night at Debenham [a village four miles off], and that'll kinder break the jarney." Another anecdote, less local in tone, tells us of Mr. P——, "who stuttered, and was certainly eccentric. In summer time he loved to catch small 'freshers' (young frogs) and let them hop down his throat, when he would stroke his stomach, observing, 'B—b—b—b—eautifully cool.'" Then there was Dr. Belman. He was playing whist one evening with a maiden lady for partner. She trumped his best card, and at the end of the hand he asked her the reason why. "'Oh, Dr. Belman' (smilingly), 'I judged it judicious. *Judicious! judicious!! JUDICIOUS!!! You old fool.*' She never again touched a card." This charming little volume has, in truth, but one defect—it is much shorter than one would wish it.

## SPORT ON SEA AND RIVER.

"Days of My Life on Waters Fresh and Salt." By John Bickerdyke. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

IT is a pleasure to read a book the writer of which is so thoroughly master of his subject as the veteran all-round angler Mr. John Bickerdyke, who, in the volume before us, arranges his experiences under two heads—fresh water and salt water. It is not merely that Mr. Bickerdyke is full of excellent angling stories—such as his stories of the Three Big Thames Trout, and the Professor and the Salmon—but his knowledge of the habits of the various fish dealt with in his entertaining chapters is so extensive and at the same time so intimate that a reasonably sympathetic reader soon learns to live with his guide in a finny world where the very characters of wary Hampshire trout or confiding Sutherlandshire salmon are analyzed with a keenness that leaves nothing to be desired. The book is full of invaluable advice, wrinkles which few anglers can afford to do without. Here is one. The constant returning of undersized fish in private waters is the cause, Mr. Bickerdyke is convinced, why such waters as the Lambourn become almost hopelessly difficult to fish. The fish get, from their youth up, an elaborate education in artificial flies and fish-hooks, and at last become too coy and shy to be caught except under unusual circumstances. "Even when the Mayfly has been abundant, and the river one seething cauldron of trout, I once saw twenty-five anglers work hard all day and catch nothing. The secret of having a good fishery is to kill everything landed except fingerlings, and for every fish killed place two yearlings in the river. The expense is not considerable."

Mr. Bickerdyke considers that there are four secrets of success in angling. First, of course, fish; but this, we think, might have been omitted as obvious. Secondly, some inclination on their part to feed; thirdly, a bait to their taste; and fourthly, absence of suspicion that they are being angled for. The last is, of course, the chief difficulty to overcome, and is a test of one's knowledge of piscine character, for very different things arouse the suspicions of different kinds of fish in different waters. To keep out of sight and use fine tackle is the general rule to observe if you desire to fill your basket.

Mr. Bickerdyke's experiences with "*fin de siècle* fish," as he calls the sophisticated and wary denizens of many of our much-fished English waters, are interesting from the naturalist's point of view and also generally amusing. The story of the cunning trout which was fairly caught by a stratagem is worth repeating. He dwelt opposite a clubhouse on a famous stream, and it was in vain that the members tried the tame but cunning veteran with every known wile. One day in August a new member joined, and the old members took all his bets that he would catch the big trout, being certain that the trout was untakeable. The new member proceeded to feed the big trout every evening for a week with bluebottles shot out of a pea-shooter. At last the wind he had waited for came, and the bluebottle, this time on the hook, was taken, and after a great struggle the big trout was landed at last.

Mr. Bickerdyke does not confine himself to the waters of Great Britain and Ireland. He takes us to the Black Forest where his skill drew trout and grayling out of the Murg; then he takes us to Scandinavia to a glacier-fed salmon river, where great doings are recorded among the sea-trout; while he is by no means averse to pursuing coarse fish in the Ouse, and evidently very much enjoys the concoction of the marvellous stories with which he brightens his never uninteresting pages. The successful fishing of a chalk stream in the south-western counties under very unfavourable conditions supplies a chapter which ought to be learned by heart by every tiro in the art of fly-fishing. Mr. Bickerdyke amuses while he instructs even in this chapter, which is instructive from start to finish.

It is, however, in the second part of his book, in which salt-water fishing is described, that Mr. Bickerdyke is most original in his matter. He succeeds here in making considerable additions to his capital book, "*Angling in Salt Water*," published about eight years ago, in which he showed conclusively that there is just as much room

for skill in sea-fishing as in fresh-water sport, and more probability of the unexpected, which, after all, is no small part of the charm of angling. The chapter entitled "*Trout-fishing in the Sea*" is particularly interesting, and certainly Mr. Bickerdyke had plenty of sport with the Scotch sea-trout, and gives ample and detailed directions which the novice in this form of the gentle art will do well to read carefully.

Fly-fishing from the rocks off the Yorkshire coast has its attractions in the summer and autumn. The billet, as the smaller coalfish are then called, come in to feed on the herring fry and will take the fly pretty freely. Mr. Bickerdyke describes a day's fishing in a shallow lagoon into which shoals of sile were driven and penned by their natural enemies the billet. The billet rose freely to the fly, made a vigorous fight for life, and heavy indeed was the load our fisherman had to carry home that evening. Another excellent chapter deals with bass-fishing in the Bristol Channel; the bass is a game fish and gives first-rate sport, and is, moreover, more wary and difficult to catch than a salmon. There is a capital account of fishing for congers by moonlight in Carmarthen Bay. The story of the monster bass hooked and brought to the surface when out after congers in this bay is a specimen of Mr. Bickerdyke's vivid and easy style. "I held him a little hard, and up he came to the surface, lashing the water and churning it up into silvery foam. It was a bass—a monster bass, the phantom after which I had journeyed into Wales. . . . I never felt more excited over a fish in my life. Llan knew nothing of gaffing, and made feeble efforts at this glorious creature, who still flurried the water like a dying whale. 'Give it me!' I cried. But it was too late. As I took the gaff with one hand the tension on the line ceased and the fish was gone. The hook had come out of his mouth. It was a most bitter disappointment, for he was a bass among bass." Mr. Bickerdyke's experiences in fishing for sea-trout and salmon in the sea seem to have been on the whole satisfactory, though not always according to expectation. "We fished for salmon and, as a result, had twelve sea-trout, averaging about one pound each, caught on the Halcyon bait, Devon baits, large red phantom, small brown phantom, Clipper, and a small coalfish; but, after all, is not the charm of angling its uncertainty." Passages of admirable description, showing a keen eye for and close study of nature, might be taken from almost any part of Mr. Bickerdyke's volume. Here is one of them: "Now that it was not quite so light we were able to see the glories of the phosphorescence which was on and in the water. Each eel came up a wriggling line of silver, the water broke in silvery waves as we cast in our baited lines, the lines themselves went down as silvery pencils of light to the bottom. When a big eel—one that had to be dealt gently with—took the bait, what a glorious sight it was as he writhed, twisted, and fought in a bath of liquid silver, and finally came into the boat with points of silvery light on him, which died away almost instantly."

## LONDON NIGHTS.

"London Nights." By Arthur Symons. London: Leonard C. Smithers. 1895.

THOSE who have learned from his former volumes to know Mr. Symons as a careful maker of melodious verse, not without a gift of direct vision and often distinguished by some felicity of expression, will open, as we did, his new book of poems with considerable expectations. Nor will any student of verse simply as verse be disappointed. Mr. Symons is no unskilled metricist. He has learned the secret of the melody of simple metres, and he uses his knowledge often with unquestionable success. He has learned, too, the value of simplicity of language, and in such verse as "*White Magic*," "*Memory*," and "*At the Ambassadeurs*," he hits the mark. As favourable examples of Mr. Symons' work we will give the first and last in full.

## WHITE MAGIC.

"Against the world I close my heart,  
And half in pride and half in fear,  
I said to Love and Lust: Depart;  
None enters here.



A gipsy witch has glided in,  
She takes her seat beside my fire;  
Her eyes are innocent of sin,  
Mine of desire.

She holds me with an unknown spell,  
She folds me in her heart's embrace;  
If this be love I cannot tell:  
I watch her face.

Her sombre eyes are happier  
Than any joy that e'er had voice;  
Since I am happiness to her,  
I too rejoice.

And I have closed the door again,  
Against the world I close my heart;  
I hold her with my spell; in vain  
Would she depart.

I hold her with a surer spell,  
Beyond her magic, and above:  
If hers be love, I cannot tell,  
But mine is love."

Not less admirably simple in expression and containing, in the fine line we have italicized, a deeper note of thought than is usual in Mr. Symons' verse, is the following:

AT THE AMBASSADEURS.

TO YVETTE GUILBERT.

"That was Yvette. The blithe Ambassadeurs  
Glitters this Sunday of the Fête des Fleurs;  
Here are the flowers, too, living flowers that blow  
A night or two before the odours go;  
And all the flowers of all the city ways  
Are laughing with Yvette, this day of days.  
Laugh with Yvette? But I must first forget,  
Before I laugh that I have heard Yvette.  
For the flowers fade before her: see, the light  
Dies out of that poor cheek and leaves it white,  
And a chill shiver takes me as she sings  
*The pity of unpitied human things;*  
A woe beyond all weeping, tears that trace  
The very wrinkles of the last grimace."

It is astonishing, after such simple and sufficing workmanship, to find such sorry stuff as this in "Escalade":

"And pouring over me and under  
Scented billows of soft thunder,"  
whatever that may mean. Or this, "To Marcella":  
"Mauve, black, and rose,  
The veils of the jewel, and she, the jewel, a rose.  
First, the pallor of mauve  
A soft flood flowing about the body I love.  
Then the flush of the rose,  
A hedge of roses about the mystical rose.  
Last, the black, and at last  
The feet that I love, and the way that my love has  
passed."

After all this sickly deliriousness one turns with relief to such a quaint echo of Blake's simplicity as this:

"Zulia, my little cat,  
I like you, not for this or that,  
But just because you seem to be  
My Zulia made for me."

But when all is said in commendation of Mr. Symons' careful workmanship and metrical skill, we are forced, in considering this, as any, collection of poems, to weigh the substance as well as the form. Poetry, says Milton, should be simple, sensuous, passionate. Simplicity of expression Mr. Symons undoubtedly has, sensuousness he aims at and in his own limited region attains; but his passion, though restrained by no conventions, does not, we think, ring true. It is elaborate, artificial, insincere. The fact is Mr. Symons seems to have chosen his subject matter from a desire of conveying at any cost the impression of newness, of originality. Now there are two ways of giving the impression of newness. The first is to see the old materials and feel the old sensations of human life in a new and living way. The second is to find new materials, new sensations. This is easily enough done by crossing the line and entering the region of the forbidden, by representing situations and sensations which a general sense of what is decent and also, we think, of what is worthy of poetry, should leave unexposed. To lift the curtain of the *lupanar* is still in England an ob-

vious way of getting freshness of materials, though this had been done in France long ago by Baudelaire with a grim sincerity that might almost be held to excuse what, without this sincerity, is certainly inexcusable. Mr. Symons' prologue fairly indicates his scope and his limitations:

"The light flares in the music-hall,  
The light, the sound that weary us;  
Hour after hour I count them all,  
Lagging, and loud, and riotous.  
My life is like a music hall."

The cool, deliberate cult of sensations—the cult of every refinement of voluptuousness—is evidently the philosophy of life, if philosophy we can call it, that lies behind Mr. Symons' poems. This cult of the sensual ends in an atrophy of natural feelings, in which only something forbidden, strange, perverted, has savour and sting. The result is seen not only in the subjects which Mr. Symons selects and in his free treatment of them, but in the titles which he prefixes to his poems. It is not enough to print with elaborate fidelity a *viveur's* experiences of London nights; but an additional savour must be gained by giving such titles as "Stella Maris" and "Magnificat" to poems that deal with the light loves of the flesh, "the chance romances of the streets," to use Mr. Symons' language.

Frank passion differs widely from this morbid sensuality ever in search of some new incentive, which it finds in states of feeling outside healthy human experience. Take the opening lines of "Liber Amoris," a poem showing the influence of Rossetti's "Jenny," but without the sanity as it is without the seriousness and strength of that far greater poem.

"What's virtue, Bianca? Have we not  
Agreed the word should be forgot,  
That ours be every dear device  
And all the subtleties of vice,  
And, in diverse imaginings,  
The savour of forbidden things."

In lack of reticence, of decency, Mr. Symons has nothing to learn from any one, but he differs from the French poets he imitates in the atmosphere of artificiality which surrounds his apotheosis of the flesh. One feels that Mr. Symons is merely posing, anxious to appear a much more abandoned sensualist than he is. He does his best to paint exceptional depravity as if he drew upon his own experience, but, to the credit of his morals be it said, the result is unconvincing and unreal. It is a pity that so much culture, so much knowledge of poetry, such considerable mastery of language and metre, should be wasted on subjects that are as much beneath the notice of the Muse as they are unworthy of the dignity of human nature. It is a pity: for the same hand which has given us the worst of the many offences against good taste, of which we have pointed out only the least unquotable, can write like this:

"This was a sweet white wildwood violet  
I found among the painted slips that grow  
Where, under hot-house glass, the flowers forget  
How the sun shines, and how the cool winds blow.  
The violet took the orchid's colouring,  
Tricked out its dainty fairness like the rest;  
Yet still its breath was as the breath of Spring,  
And the wood's heart was wild within its breast."

#### MR. OMAN'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

"A History of England." By Charles Oman, Fellow of All Souls' College, and Lecturer in History at New College, Oxford. London: Edward Arnold. 1895.

IF it were not happily true that prejudice and family tradition are far more powerful than learning conned by rote, and that common sense outweighs a thousand lessons of pedagogues, we should wonder that our children ever attain to a sane and sober knowledge of the history of our land. It is appalling to think of the way English history has been written for schoolboys, and of the nonsense that schoolmasters have told to their gaping forms. A few years ago an English history lesson at one of our public schools was a mere *leçon pour rire*, and we question if recent improvements have been as yet very influential. While a sixth-form boy is little, if at all, behind a young student at the Universities in

classical scholarship, what are mere commonplaces of history at Oxford and Cambridge are still unknown marvels at Eton. For this we should be sorry to lay all blame on the pedagogues, strangely though their omniscience is wont to trip when it essays to talk of the doings of those who have made England great. The fault is that of the writer more than the teacher of history; for it is not too much to say that till now there has not been a good school-history of our own land in existence. It were invidious to particularize; and those who know do not need to be reminded that where one writer is shamefully inaccurate, and another is the mere advocate of antiquated Whiggery, even the best have been sadly incomplete or mortally dull. We opened Mr. Oman's book with a glimmer of hope that at last we might come to the light. Hope has almost died away; but it is the blackest hour before the dawn. Heroics are really unavoidable, for the lack was tragic. But now we may lay tearful rhetoric aside, for Mr. Oman has gone near to write an ideal history of England.

We might have expected he would do well, for not only are his books for grown readers stuffed with knowledge and of a bright complexion in the writing, but his school history of Greece has been universally admitted to be a model schoolbook, and is already, we believe, in an eighth edition. Mr. Oman is a serious student of history, and he is engaged in teaching it at the University where it is most studied. He has the knowledge of a scholar and the art of a teacher, and we do not wonder that he has given us what we believe will be the standard schoolbook on his subject for many years to come. To fully review a history of England is a task impossible as well as ridiculous. We can only point out what seem to us the chief characteristics of Mr. Oman's book.

And first it is throughout abreast with the latest result of special students' work. It is a history which a scholar can read with a feeling of solid satisfaction and without any uneasy sense that the foundations are insecure. And Mr. Oman is a specialist himself as well as a student of the specialism of others. It were hard, one would think, to tell again the stories of our great battles, for if anything has been well done our drum and trumpet stories, which Mr. J. R. Green so much despised, have been told in the past to admiration. But Mr. Oman is a specialist in military science, and it is hardly too much to say that (though he does cling to the "palisade" and the "shield wall" at Hastings, not having the fear of certain grim modern combatants before his eyes) there is hardly a battle in which our kinsfolk have engaged which does not win a new interest in his telling of it. And Mr. Oman knows his coins as well as his battles. Again and again he illustrates a reign by a felicitous reference to its monetary matters. Even his sturdy Protestantism cannot prevent his telling us that the blessed Reformation and the great King Harry gave us not only a breach with Rome but a debasement of the currency.

But these merits, and the confidence which they enable us to place in Mr. Oman as a guide, are by no means the only ones, or perhaps from the popular point of view even the greatest of the book's good points. Mr. Oman not only knows what to say but he knows how to say it. Perhaps the greatest virtue of a book for school-boys is a clear readable style; and this is conspicuous in Mr. Oman's history. We have already heard a well-known text-book vigorously disparaged by a young student in comparison with the volume we have just been able to place in his hands. "I know what Mr. Oman means, and I can understand him: I couldn't make out what the other fellow was driving at," said the ingenuous critic; and the criticism was not unjust. Mr. Oman has a keen sense of proportion and a really masterly power of seeing through a mass of details to the central point which it is incumbent on every one to know. We do not think it possible to select better than he has done the real turning-points of English history, reign by reign, century by century, or to put the issues more clearly or with more justice.

And perhaps it is not a little matter that Mr. Oman is not tied to an effete party creed. The absurd presupposition which pedagogues have inherited from Macaulay, or Hallam, or Hume, have no part in forming Mr. Oman's judgment. He lets his facts speak for themselves, and

he never strains a point in favour of what we may guess to be his own opinions. Conspicuously is this the case in what must have been the most difficult part of the book to write, the chapter called "Democracy and Imperialism," which treats of the years 1865 to 1885. In fact, the record of our own century as a whole has never, we believe, been so truly and so fairly told.

It is the function of the critic, however, to point out blots as well as merits, and we are bound to say that one side of his work seems to us to have received too little of Mr. Oman's revision. There are slips, of course, here and there all through the book—as when King John is said to have died at "Swinstead Abbey near Newark," where both the fact and the geography are wrong. But these slips are most frequent in ecclesiastical matters. Thus the work of Dunstan in church matters is sadly misrepresented. He is said to have tried "to substitute monks for the secular priests wherever he could," whereas the mark of his greatness, as Mr. S. R. Gardiner has truly observed, is that he did nothing of the kind. A study of the Bishop of Oxford's masterly preface to the *Lives of Dunstan* would show Mr. Oman his error. His account of Becket is equally unsatisfactory. It seems as if Mr. E. A. Freeman had lived and died in vain. The change after the Chancellor's consecration is absurdly exaggerated, and the statement of the Archbishop's motives as well as of his action is quite unhistorical. The whole question of clerical exemption also needs a thorough revision; and throughout the section Mr. Oman, for once, is by no means sound in his basis of fact. In his account of the Reformation we wish that Mr. Oman had made it clear that the Act of Supremacy was not from the first such a direct line of cleavage as modern papal writers try to make out. Many of those whom the Roman Church now reveres as martyrs accepted it without surprise, and took oath to the Royal headship, with no dishonesty or reservation that we are justified in suspecting. Nor is it true to say that the second Prayer-book of Edward VI. swept away the last traces of the pre-Reformation ritual. Has Mr. Oman never heard of the Vestiarian controversy, or of the ornaments' rubric? In the case of Archbishop Laud too, Mr. Oman makes a curious slip in a matter of fact which entirely vitiates his argument. The High Commission cannot be condemned on the evidence of Bastwick's case, since Bastwick was tried not therein but in the Star Chamber. It would almost seem indeed as if Mr. Oman fell into the common blunder of thinking that an ecclesiastical court could take cognisance of secular offences. Lastly, if Mr. Oman had read the reminiscences of the Tractarians which have been poured upon us within the last fifteen years, he would have known that it is absurd to state that the doctrines of "the Real Presence in the Sacrament and the sacrificial priesthood" had been "extinct in the English Church for many years." These are mistakes which can be easily corrected in a second edition, and happily they touch only one side of Mr. Oman's work. When they are corrected the book may be commended unreservedly to all schoolmasters, and to a very much wider public which wishes to know something truly and shortly and pleasantly of the history of its own land.

#### BISHOP LIGHTFOOT'S LEGACY.

"Notes on the Epistles of St. Paul." By the late Bishop Lightfoot. London: Macmillan. 1895.

IF the trustees had printed in one volume the notes on the two Epistles to the Thessalonians with the text as emended by the Bishop, they would not only have done better by the reader but would have carried out the author's intentions more satisfactorily. And surely Bishop Lightfoot had friends and pupils enough for some one who knew him to have set forth in a preface the Bishop's views upon the thorny question of the Second Advent and the teaching of St. Paul upon the same? Instead of this, here we have a number of broken bits, the busts, torsos, and fragments of commentary tossed together and left to tell their own tales. We have notes on seven chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, on seven of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and fuller notes on fourteen verses of the Epistle to the



Ephesians. To these are added a couple of indices, one Greek and one English, contrary to the late Bishop's own plan of index-making. Not that Lightfoot could ever have really convinced anybody of the genuine character of the Epistle to the Ephesians, or have pieced the arcs of Pauline philosophy together so as to show the full circle of Pauline thought. His genius was for detail. To a general theory of the Ephesians he would have contributed much, to the elaboration of such a theory nothing. He would faithfully record that this expression is like that in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and this is akin to that in St. Peter's speech or was after the use of St. John (cf. his notes on *ἐνλογητός*, *ἐπουράνιος*, *οἰκονομία*, &c.), but if any one from a thousand such expressions were to try to show that the document is therefore not Pauline, the Bishop would rather prefer to vex him over particles than tackle the logic of his deductions. Like many of the myopic, he had a powerful eye for the minute; but big things were a mist to him. Yet wide generalization cannot be escaped from. One may refuse to form a fresh theory, but then one has to adopt an old one ready-made; and in this book more, perhaps, than in any of his others we feel how immense was the Bishop's armoury, how finely tempered and how various the weapons. Only one thing is needed, which would lead on so well-equipped a general to certain victory, and that is a plan of campaign. Cambridge does not care for plans of campaign, we know, and in this the Bishop was a true son of Cambridge. Take, for instance, the author's note on *χαριτών*. He points out that *χάρις* may mean gracious favour or gracefulness, and the verb may mean to bestow favour on or to render attractive. St. Chrysostom "and others" (who, by the way, include all the Greek Doctors) interpret "grace" in the second meaning. With them it is equivalent to gracefulness, and they had before their eyes the Charites. But Latin speculation cares little for the fine arts and much for the notion of man's beggary and God's largess; and English theology, which all bears the mint-mark of Aquinas, persists in putting Latin interpretations before Greek ones rather than abate its traditional obstinacy. Therefore the Bishop puts free favour before gracefulness, whereas certainly a thing must be looked upon as graceful before the bestowal of it can be counted as gracious, and the gracefulness of the gift is more important than the fact that it is a gift. Neither in time nor in value therefore does "the first meaning" come first. Why then does the Bishop put it first? Because English theology has wrongly preferred the second meaning, and the textual critic did not care to leave textual actualities for theological theory. In fact he adopted his general theories ready-made. This is why Bishop Lightfoot is so dear to educated Englishmen. He is painstaking, thorough, entirely conscientious, huge in industry and entirely practical, as the phrase goes. This is also why he founded no school, left no heirs, and will always be regarded as a gunsmith rather than a field-marshal, a discernor and a critic rather than a seer and a maker. No doubt it takes all sorts to make a world and—well! in this case the smith has, as usual, forged well and tested carefully, and smiths are very important people of course; indeed, beyond all doubt, they are next in importance to kings. Since we do not breed kings in theological thought, let us pay all the honour we can to a smith like this one, who swings a heavy hammer upon a thoroughly sound anvil. The very sparks of such work are worth more than the finished work of weaker men.

#### PARTI-COLOURED ANIMALS.

"Studies in the Evolution of Animals." By E. Bonavia, M.D. London: A. Constable & Co. 1895.

WITH the best inclination in the world, we cannot take Dr. Bonavia's "studies" as substantial contributions to science. He tells us that, after having completed "The Flora of the Assyrian Monuments and its Outcomes," he "was looking for something to take up next as a subject of study." In the furriers' windows he "was attracted by the leopard and tiger skins, which by degrees became objects of interesting study and specula-

tion." He set about his task in the true ranging spirit of the amateur, and he has collected a large number of curious and interesting facts. He has visited many museums and zoological gardens. He has made thumb-nail sketches of cab-horses in Piccadilly, and obtained photographs of spotted dogs and cats from all over the world. He has read all manner of possible authorities, from Darwin and Wallace to—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. But he offers his facts and theories with so becoming a modesty, and with so lively an appreciation of the opinions of experts, that we welcome his book perhaps even in excess of its intrinsic merit.

Dr. Bonavia is seeking to explain the existence of the stars, rosettes, and stripes that occur on the skins of many mammals. Almost every group of mammals has some members conspicuously striped, others spotted, or covered with rosettes. Even those that are plain or self-coloured exhibit stripings or stars as a frequent abnormality. Thus, most donkeys and horses show some trace of stars, of dapplings, or, in rarer though common cases, of zebra markings. Most lions show here and there on their hides rosette-like markings recalling the spots of the leopard. A very large number of self-coloured animals have ringed tails or spotted bellies. Another frequent occurrence is a disparity in coloration between the young and the full-grown skin among many animals. Dr. Bonavia mentions that the plain-coloured puma gives birth to spotted young, while many deer, tinted a uniform brown when adult, are barred and spotted when young. He might have added that lion whelps almost invariably are spotted, and that tapers are born with whitish spots on a brown ground colour. His general conclusion is that all mammals were originally spotted and that stripes have resulted from the fusion of rows of spots, and self-colour from the obliteration of spots. So far, he might find many naturalists prepared to agree with him, and all naturalists willing to consider the collection of old and new facts tending towards his conclusion. On the other hand, however, Eimer, a German naturalist who has made a special study of the markings of animals, has shown at least an equal weight of evidence in favour of the view that spots are the result of bands breaking up, and are newer than bands in the history of animals. For our own part we do not think that there is enough evidence to draw a definite conclusion either way.

In his attempt to account for the origin of spots themselves Dr. Bonavia passes over into the fantastic. He has some vague theory that the presence of spots may be explained as due to nervous action in the skin, each nerve-end forming a focus of pigmentation. It is quite true that in some lower animals like frogs the arrangement of the pigment cells is under the control of the central nervous system, and that by a kind of unconscious action, the frog changes its spots into agreement with its surroundings. Moreover, as Dr. Bonavia mentions, certain nervous changes in the human body exhibit as a symptom, patches of dark colour on the skin over the affected regions. But each of these is a special case; the one of a peculiar adaptation, the other of a diseased nutrition, and neither is capable of general application. The relation between nervous action and coloration is no matter for the reflections of the amateur, but for the prolonged investigation of the expert in physiology. As a final and still more fantastic suggestion, Dr. Bonavia compares the rosettes upon the hides of animals with the curious armour of bony plates and scales now found only among a few lingering types, but once characteristic of a large and dominant group of mammals. He suggests that each spot of the leopard or of the horse is the remnant of a bony plate in some far-off ancestor. Of this theory we can only say that it has no foundation in what fossils can tell us of the past history of mammals. Moreover, when one reflects that spots and stripes are to be found in all living creation, among insects, worms, snails, and every manner of leaf and flower, it is evident enough that a reference of the spots on mammals to the bony scales of hypothetical ancestors is not the palest ghost of an explanation. Dr. Bonavia is touching only the fringe of one of the great problems of organic nature, and, while we are glad of his collection of facts, and especially of the beautiful series of illustrations given in his interesting volume, we recommend readers to leave his theories alone.

## MR. RUSKIN ON TURNER.

"The Harbours of England." By John Ruskin. With thirteen illustrations by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Edited by Thomas J. Wise. Orpington: George Allen. 1895.

MR. RUSKIN'S "Harbours of England" was originally written in 1856, "up to" Turner's twelve plates, as the phrase goes. The twelve plates, however, by no means include all the harbours in England, a fact for which Mr. Ruskin apologized by explaining that it was a habit of Turner to give titles corresponding to the "materials accumulated" in his own mind, rather than to executed designs. The habit was not a fortunate one, but we cannot quarrel either with Mr. Ruskin or with his editor for it. Mr. Wise tells us that there has been no edition of the book since 1877, which he considers a pity, since four of the mezzotints "Mr. Ruskin has described to be among the very finest executed by Turner from his marine subjects." That Mr. Ruskin says so is not, of itself, proof; but let us not be unduly censorious. Lupton, the engraver, was a man of great talent—genius, Mr. Ruskin calls it—and the twelve plates are undoubtedly of permanent interest. This is Mr. Wise's apology for the new edition, the smallness of whose price seems to astonish him. Considering that we have the benefit of Mr. Ruskin's criticism thrown in, we ought to be more than grateful. A true appreciation of his position and influence as an art critic has yet to be written. Probably it will not be written in our generation. He is at once too much overestimated and undervalued to get justice. His extraordinary discrimination, where, to be sure, discrimination is not very valuable, is as singular as his aptitude in missing the major principles of art. When all is said, his services will probably be found to consist in the persistent zeal with which he pushed art-criticism into importance, and insisted upon applying certain formulæ to painting. But at the same time he brought to his task a mind stored and stuffed with irrelevant matter. He was an economist, of a sort, and a metaphysician also. Indeed, what was he not? And in dealing with pictures he could never dissociate his ideas. The art of painting is a very material art, built up out of line and colour. Mr. Ruskin was for ever dragging in the transcendental, and as he has always had something of the temper of Carlyle this is very trying. In 1856, for example, when he was a very much younger man than he is now, he has these flippant and stupid remarks to pass upon the painting of ships. "Of the larger and more polite types of merchant-vessels, three-masted, and passenger-carrying, I have nothing to say, feeling in general little sympathy with people who want to go anywhere." What in the world has this to do with serious criticism of art? There is some very pretty writing about it, and about his dislike to ships that "fall under the head of commerce of the drawing-room"; but so far as the opinions go they are merely what we may call affectations of the drawing-room, which may amuse very young ladies. Mr. Ruskin deliberately ignores, or has never grasped the fact, that these finical and fantastic views have about as much to do with painting as the Eskimo has with the equator. Here again is an instance of the same fundamental error: "no great art ever was or can be employed in the careful imitation of the work of man as its principal subject." This is an idea which may commend itself, possibly, to a fanatical mind, but to endorse it is to declare that no work of man has line or colour in it capable of pictorial treatment! And yet it seems that if the elements avenge themselves upon man's presumption, and ruin his handiwork, the subject at once becomes glorified. A ruined building or a wrecked ship is "a noble subject," while a "ship in full sail, or a perfect boat, is an ignoble one." And what is the reason given? Because, forsooth, "it is a nobler art in man to meditate upon Fate as it conquers his work, than upon that work itself." This is not only mere blatant nonsense, but it is inconsistent with Mr. Ruskin's previous profession that he loves fishing-boats.

Indeed the absurdities and pretentiousness of the Ruskin theory of Art are hardly worth dwelling upon. We will touch upon one more. In a passage upon

page 29 he appears to yearn for detail, and regrets that no one has ever painted a ship perfectly. We remember, in "Modern Painters," that he displays a similar passion, and, indeed, it is characteristic of Mr. Ruskin that he wants to see things as Nature the benevolent and all-wise designed them. He abuses Constable because the leaves upon his trees were not like leaves, as Turner's were. Similarly he shakes his head because no artist ever drew all the spars and sheets of a ship. In such reflections he merely shows himself utterly unable to comprehend the real province of pencil and of brush. We should not, however, pass over the shrewdness which his observation displays at intervals, even if it is exercised at the sacrifice of his consistency. He himself will only recognize pictorial romance in shattered boats, yet, he says quite truly, "We pronounce that there is romance in the Venetian conveyance by oars, merely because we ourselves are in the habit of being dragged by horses. A Venetian, on the other hand, sees vulgarity in a gondola, and thinks the only true romance is in a hackney coach." A real painter would, of course, set aside these literary prepossessions as false, and scrutinize cab and gondola and boat for pictorial values only. On his technical remarks upon Turner's plates we have little comment to make. He picks out four, which are possibly the best, but when he proceeds to analyze them and give his reasons, he stultifies his own choice. Turner had a trick of "echo" which sometimes was entirely successful, and at other times was simply distasteful. He was particularly fond of repeating a dumpy curve, which was not even beautiful in the first instance. This habit Mr. Ruskin stumbles upon for praise, and the really fine effect of the masses of cliff, for example, in the "Dover," he singles out for disapproval. The fact is that though Mr. Ruskin had a power of careful observation, and his analysis of the pieces of a picture were always earnest and subtle, he had little idea of values and composition. He could infallibly inform you of the constituents, but he had no real understanding of the proper combination of those constituents. These are hard words, but we venture to think they are true. Still, to leave off upon a different note, if you would see Mr. Ruskin's qualities at their best, you need only read the chapter on "Scarborough." Here his analysis is almost perfect, if a trifle over-subtle, and it is not spoiled by any adjudication upon composition.

## FICTION.

"Princess and Priest, and Mademoiselle Étienne." By A. S. F. Hardy. London: Downey & Co. 1895.

"PRINCESS and Priest" is a tale of old Egypt, and no less an authority than Professor Sayce warrants the costumes and scenery. Mr. Hardy says it was Doctor Gorodichze of Paris who supplied the psychology. The imagination and insight, however, are Mr. Hardy's own, and that rather cripples the work. One learns from his book that the moral and intellectual life of Egypt was practically identical with the theosophical Bayswater of to-day. The Masters are indistinguishable from *Mahatma vulgaris*; the religion of Isis is a mere synonym. "Memphis society was much excited at the prospect of the magnificent wedding preparing for it." "She had already thought of her dress; it would be talked of in Memphis for a month." "Every one was talking of the Lord Kha Amen's marriage with a peasant girl." "Princess Taya and Ita had only just taken their places when the music of the Guard's band announced the King." "Prince Mennas and his family started for their country seat." It is, indeed, Bayswater in fancy dress, and amazingly dull at that—a novelette among the obelisks, second-rate Marie Corelli. But "Mademoiselle Étienne" is a fairly effective story of a harem intrigue in modern Cairo.

"An Education." By Frederick Carrel. London: Walter Scott. 1895.

"For the Sake of a Slandered Woman." By Marion Mole. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

"Two Mistakes." By Sydney Christian. London: Sampson Low. 1895.

Here are three fairly readable novels, none rising far above the average, none sinking below. Mr. Carrel



tells of a highly educated young woman with a general ignorance and horror of marriage who comes at last to take a less abstract view of the institution. The opportunities of unpleasant writing this affords him are made the most of, and in addition he has inserted quite gratuitously a really repulsive murder of a half-witted girl upon a cliff. The Slandered Woman was the victim of a machinatory apparatus called John Farquhar. Foiled as only such people can be foiled, he resolves to murder her, and unhappily jumps into the water with the wrong woman. It was an embarrassing situation. When he sees her face "her agony then was feeble compared with his." So he handed her out to her friends on shore with an insufficient apology and swam away to drown himself and avoid further explanations. But apart from the main story there are some very readable passages in this book; and for a railway journey or a rainy day it may have its value. The "Two Mistakes" were, first, the story of a cynical person of perverted tastes who made love to the mistress and offered marriage to the maid, quite contrary to the correct usage, and, secondly, the narrative of one Bellows who loved Sabrina Bond all his life and never could get her postal address until she was dead and buried. The two tales are developed with a clever simplicity and a certain quiet humour, and the second especially is bright and interesting. The book is, of the three, most uniformly above the watermark of the average novelette.

"A Generation." By R. S. Sievier. London: Downey & Co. 1895.

The case of Mr. Sievier invites not so much criticism as diagnosis. He is a complicated case of imitation. Fundamentally he is of the "Family Herald" school, but, like others of that school, he has become infected with a sense of style. The particular style he has developed is a monstrous hybrid of Meredith and Hugo—an unnatural birth, a portent. Apart from his style, the story of his generation of marionettes is not unskillfully developed. But the glories of his prose forbid our lingering on his mere narrative. Here, for instance, is a sample:

"Winifred and Evelyn were more confounded; the reason of Harold's departure having been hermetically sealed in secrecy, left them groping further in the dark. This only widened the abyss which Lucifer was blasting to his own ends. This void cast up an apparition. Lucifer's foundation is a ghost. Things were working well. Harold had left hurriedly, and no reason had been ascribed for his departure. Winifred and Evelyn were women. Girls. Young girls. They had been told nothing. What explanation could have been offered? The truth would have been humiliating. To fashion a lie is to bend beneath the beam. There was but one course remaining—silence. Silence is father and mother to curiosity. This creates doubt. Doubt is a shadow; curiosity a mist. Mist and shadow! It is then Lucifer smiles. Winifred and Evelyn were two women left with silence. This they shared by talking of it. Hence silence was one long, rumbling thunder-clap—this deafens the ear of righteousness. Out of love came a longing, which, unappeased, left a blank; the blank varied as an April morning; the thermometer was a girl in love, the barometer a woman; the sun was hidden by the clouds—Lucifer is a cloud. The most enigmatic of all anomalous problems is silence. After that a woman. Here we have first a woman—then silence!"

It is all more or less in that vein. And, as a consequence, we have, perhaps, read him with far more interest and amusement than we have found in many an artistically superior book. Here is another irresistible gem—the book is really worth reading: "With irregular puffs the wind would veer round to the point of the compass of their thoughts, and the two girls would wonder together, and attempt to unravel the tetry enigma which Harold's silence had webbed. All this only sharpened the sword of Damocles."

"The Mountain Lovers." By Tiona Macleod. London: John Lane. 1895.

The attraction of this weird little book is in its atmosphere of Celtic dream and legend, and in the poetic shadowiness of its every outline. The story would be

hard to tell, but the quotations from it could be endless. They are not flesh and blood, as we know it, these creatures of a haunted world; but, one and all, they lay a spell upon us which makes us loth to leave them for garish scenes with a more commonplace milieu. From Nial the Soulless, with his hopeless quest and wild songs and incantations, to sweet Sorcha, who dies of the dream in her eyes, these mountain-folk have charm to set one musing. The book is uncanny, impossible, and altogether fascinating.

#### SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.

MR. W. M. LINDSAY'S work on the "Latin Language" (Oxford: Clarendon Press) contains a full and clear exposition of the present state of our knowledge of Latin philology. The great advance of learning in this subject since the days of Corssen makes a new book almost a necessity, and the results of twenty years' research could hardly have been better given than they are by Mr. Lindsay. The book may be divided into two parts of almost equal bulk, the first four chapters dealing mainly with sounds, the last six with sense—word-formation, inflexion, and the like. Mr. Lindsay possesses in a greater degree than many writers on philology the gift of lucid exposition. His evidence—notably that gathered from Latin phoneticians and grammarians—is well selected and clearly put; and it is, we think, a strong point in Mr. Lindsay's favour that he does not leave technicalities unexplained. We incline to think, though without the necessary ignorance it is hard to be sure, that any intelligent person with a fair knowledge of Latin, and some interest in the study of languages, might read the book through with almost complete understanding, which could not be said for many works on the same subject. Mr. Lindsay expresses in his preface a regret that lack of space prevented his adding a full discussion of the relation of Latin to the other Italian languages. We are inclined to congratulate him on the omission. The subject is at present very obscure for lack of material, and such discussion of the topic as is possible is better carried on in, let us say, the "Journal of Philology" than in a substantive work like the present.

Mr. Richard Horton Smith tells us that he published in 1859 "An Outline of the Theory of Conditional Sentences in Greek and Latin." The work appears to have been growing ever since, and as published in 1894 by Messrs. Macmillan, it extends to nearly 700 good-sized pages. Some 350 of the pages consist of notes, or, to be exact, notes, sub-notes, and sub-sub-notes, while indices alone fill 50 pages. Mr. Smith has evidently read very widely, and possesses a mind of considerable subtlety; but he has the odd weakness of a class of scholars now pretty nearly extinct, who appear to think that exactness of meaning can be attained by lavish use of qualifying particles and clauses. For instance, one would think that this passage from Plautus was clear and simple enough: "Nam hercle absque me foret et meo presidio; hic faceret te prostibilem." Mr. Smith translates "for in good sooth under given circumstances, the matter should have been without reference to me and my defence of you. This fellow would have been for making common property of you." What is the use of a translation like this, which is quite unintelligible without reference to the original? Mr. Smith seems, moreover, to be of the number of those who cannot play any game without wanting to alter the rules. He disapproves of the ordinary tense nomenclature and must needs talk of "present perfect," "past imperfect," "past indefinite," instead of "perfect," "imperfect," and "aorist." Frankly, the book is a monument of learning thrown away. We cannot conceive its being of use to any human being; or to render our meaning into what we humbly take to be the Horton-Smithic language, ifsoever one should have read this book, he would in given circumstances have been for wasting his highly valuable time.

Of the three translations from the classics, sent by Messrs. George Bell & Sons, Mr. Hamilton Bryce's "Virgil" is a "crib"—a good crib, but nothing more. The preface tells us that the author's aim has been not merely to help the feeble student, but also "to produce a version which shall be suitable for general English reading." But Mr. Bryce has not achieved this difficult task. His prose style is marred by an irritating trick of inversion, and he is constantly dropping unawares into weak blank verse. For instance:

"Midst this commotion with its heated brawl,  
The deputies from Diomed return  
In sorrow, and his answer give: they say  
That nothing had been gained by all their toil;  
That gifts, and gold, and prayers had nought availed;  
That they must seek for other arms, or sue  
The Trojan king for peace. With grief intense  
Is King Latinus felled" (p. 441).

Mr. J. H. Freese's first instalment of a version of Isocrates, to be completed, we understand, in a second volume, is a more successful attempt at a far easier task. His translation is accurate and scholarly, and, but for too great reluctance to break up long periods into manageable English sentences, is satisfactory in point of style.

Mr. F. Storr's translation of Livy, book ix., is admirable alike for soundness of scholarship and for the grace and lucidity of its English style. The narrative moves freely and rapidly along, the translator's fetters never clank, and yet in the numerous passages which we have compared with the original, we have not found a point missed. This is decidedly the best English version of Livy we have seen; we should like to see what Mr. Storr would make of some of the best passages of books xxi. and xxii.

Another admirable essay in translation is Mr. H. E. D. Blakiston's version of seven chosen speeches of Cicero—the four Catilines, "Pro Murena," "Pro Milone," and the second Philippic (Methuen & Co.) To begin with, it is delightful in these days of cram-books to find a man choosing his work because he wants to do it, and not with a view to some examination, or to fill a gap in some series. To translate Cicero well is almost as difficult as to translate Virgil, and Mr. Blakiston's work seems to us to be of very high excellence from both the scholarly and the literary point of view. Some may think his rendering a little too free here and there, but the work is not intended for the laborious passman; and to us, at any rate, the task both of reading straight ahead and of comparing his work with the original has been one of great interest. It should be added that the printing of the book, by Messrs. Constable, is of itself a beautiful piece of work.

Of classical editions the most important now before us from the schoolmaster's point of view is no doubt Mr. T. E. Page's of Virgil, "*Æneid*," I.–VI. (Macmillan & Co.), most, if not all, of which has already appeared book by book. The work has, to our mind, two grave faults—one being the arrogance with which Mr. Page criticizes previous editors in general and in particular Conington, who, we venture to think, will be a leading authority on Virgil long after Mr. Page's schoolbooks are forgotten; the other the superfluous character of many of the notes. It is almost enough to say that to 140 pages of text there are 360 of notes; but the present writer, who has read the second book with a form of very young and not specially brilliant boys armed with Mr. Page's edition, can assert from sad experience that comment and translation are dealt out with so bounteous a hand that there is really little left of any difficulty whatsoever for boys to make out for themselves. The text, moreover, is printed with type which is, to our eye, singularly indistinct and unpleasant.

Mr. Earle's edition of the "*Alcestis*" of Euripides (Macmillan & Co.) is a respectable school edition not free from the fault of superfluous annotation, and requiring no detailed comment.

From the same publishers comes a revised edition of Mr. A. S. Wilkins's well-known "*Orations of Cicero against Catiline*," edited after Halm, and, in the series of elementary classics, "*Selections illustrative of Greek Life from the Minor Works of Xenophon*," "cooked" for the use of beginners, by Mr. C. H. Keene, which may be used with advantage as soon as boys really know their accidence.

Mr. C. L. Smith, of Harvard, edits "*The Odes and Epodes of Horace*" (Boston: Ginn & Co.) with notes of tolerably elementary character which are sound so far as we have tested them, but are not likely to supplant such English editions as that of Dr. Wickham, for example.

Mr. C. G. Bennett, of Cornell University, edits Tacitus' "*Dialogos de Oratoribus*" (Ginn & Co.). Unless we are mistaken, this is the third edition of this work which has come to us from America in the last few months. It is on a more modest scale than the others, and in this respect better suited to young students.

Mr. J. S. Reid adds the "*Pro Milone*" to the speeches of Cicero, which he has edited for the Cambridge University Press. Of the excellence of Mr. Reid's work on Cicero it is superfluous to speak. We wish many editors would imitate his brevity.

Mr. George Smith's edition of Plato's "*Hippias Major*" (Rivington, Percival & Co.) is intended for the upper forms of schools. The notes are well suited to their purpose, being for the most part brief, and devoted rather to elucidation of the subject-matter than to giving needless help towards making out the text, or to displaying the editor's skill as a translator.

Messrs. Haddon and Harrison may fairly claim a share of popular favour for their "*Cæsar's Gallic War*," Books I. and II. (Edward Arnold). The notes are sound, short, and not too many; and there is an introduction on Roman military matters, which is made more valuable by a few good illustrations. Whether the vocabulary is a good or a bad feature need not be discussed; those who vote against it can back their opinion with a penknife.

Mr. Brown's "*Cæsar's Invasion of Britain*" (Blackie & Son), selected from the fourth and fifth books of the "*Gallic War*," is an interesting translation book for young boys. It has a vocabulary, and English-Latin exercises based on the text.

Mr. A. J. Church edits Virgil, "*Æneid*," I. (Blackie & Son), with good and sufficient notes and a vocabulary; also "*The*

Historical and Political Odes of Horace" (Blackie & Son), a nice little volume containing twenty-five odes and epodes, with notes which are thoroughly sound in matters of history and scholarship.

Mr. Ramsbotham's "*Scenes from the Persæ of Æschylus*" (Longmans, Green & Co.) forms a volume of the well-known series, all the rest of which, so far as we are aware, has been done by Mr. Arthur Sidgwick. The "*Persæ*" is the best play of Æschylus for such treatment—better even than "*Prometheus*"—and the editor has been judicious in his selection.

Mr. H. W. Auden has translated from the German Meissner's "*Latin Phrase-Book*" (Macmillan & Co.), a storehouse of Latin idiom classified and arranged according to subject. The one objection to it is that it is far too big, and contains much that may be found out quite well by the use of a dictionary. An abridgment of about one-sixth the length of the present work would contain all that is necessary for those who are learning to write Latin prose—the only persons, we take it, for whom such a book is required.

Mr. Stedman's "*Vocabulary of Latin Idioms and Phrases*" (Methuen), though more suitable in length, hardly fills the gap. Mr. Stedman is not always judicious in either his inclusions or his exclusions. The phrases also are arranged in a sort of alphabetical order, and that the Latin, not the English, order. So boys who try to use the book for Latin prose will not easily find what they want.

Mr. Benecke's "*Poetorum Latinorum Index*" (Methuen) is a collection of models and aids gathered from Latin poets for the use of young verse-makers, and may be found useful by sixth-form boys and undergraduates.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Mozart's '*Don Giovanni*': A Commentary." By Charles Gounod. Translated from the third French edition by Windeyer Clark and J. T. Hutchinson. Authorized edition. London: Robert Cocks & Co. 1895.

"Borodin and Liszt." By Alfred Habets. Translated, with a preface, by Rosa Newmarch. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1895.

"Letters of a Baritone." By Francis Walker. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

"Text-book of Anglican Service-music." By Atherton Knowles, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

"Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music." By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

"Songs with Music." By Lady Dufferin. London: John Murray. 1895.

"Catechism of Musical Æsthetics." By H. Riemann. Translated by the Rev. H. Bewerunge. London: Augener & Co. 1895.

"Harmony: its Theory and Practice." By Ebenezer Prout, B.A. Seventh edition. London: Augener & Co. 1894.

"THE score of '*Don Giovanni*,'" says Gounod in his preface, "has exercised the influence of a revelation upon the whole of my life; it has been and remains for me a kind of incarnation of dramatic and musical infallibility. I regard it as a work without a blemish, of uninterrupted perfection, and this commentary is but the humble testimony of my veneration and gratitude for the genius to whom I owe the purest and most permanent joys of my life as a musician." This being so, it follows that Gounod's commentary is in no sense a criticism, but simply a eulogy which would be extravagant were any other work than "*Don Giovanni*" its subject. No one will grudge praise to Mozart, who deserved so much and received so little in his lifetime; but we wish that Gounod, instead of saying of each number of the opera, "This is perfectly beautiful"—and his Commentary amounts to precisely this—had shown with clearness where the beauty and perfection lie. But Gounod had the critical faculty of discerning in singularly small degree, and possessed no literary power at all to express what little he did discern; and so, when all is said, this book is chiefly valuable as a tribute paid by a great master of music to an infinitely greater master. At the same time, the remarks in the appendix as to the proper mode of rendering "*Don Giovanni*" have a certain interest, but we trust that no music-school will act upon the suggestion that lectures should be given upon the art of conducting; for we cannot regard with equanimity the prospect of (say) Mr. Betjemann or Mr. Corder, who cannot conduct, teaching the most difficult of all arts to students, and perhaps Mr. Cummings, who at his best was a tenth-rate singer, examining them on behalf of the Associated Board.

That Borodin, the Russian composer, was a highly delightful person no one who reads such of his letters as are included in Miss Newmarch's volume will deny; but that he has the slenderest claim to consideration as a great composer no one who knows his music will dare to affirm. Certainly Miss Newmarch affirms it, but she is obviously an enthusiast for all things Russian, and we see no sign that she possesses a judgment that can be depended on. Her preface is full of young-lady-isms, and she cites the most formal compliments passed by Liszt as



so many incontestable proofs that the most wily and diplomatic musician of any age thought highly of Borodin's genius. But even if we knew nothing of Borodin's music the intensely silly life by Alfred Habets at least serves to show that he had few of the qualities of genius, and seems to have been nothing more than a very amiable man with a fondness for playing at composition. Some of his friends took him seriously, and when he went to Germany Liszt pretended to take him seriously, and he inevitably ended in taking himself very seriously indeed. But we are afraid that he will be remembered as one of the many who wrote about Liszt long after his music is forgotten. It must be admitted that he wrote about Liszt charmingly, and there are no more picturesque glimpses of the greatest pianist of the century to be found anywhere than are afforded by Borodin's letters. For the sake of these the volume ought to be read by every one.

Mr. Francis Walker's letters, too, are well worth reading, though not by every one. Singers who think of going to Italy to study will find a large amount of information in them which may after prove useful. Mr. Walker wrote to his sister, and if these letters are published without additions we are bound to say that we are sorry to think of the pangs suffered on some post mornings by that doubtlessly charming lady. We should be sorry indeed to have a brother who insisted upon telling us at most unconscionable length about Clara Novello or any other singer that "perhaps no other singer will ever again, with such power as she did, pour into the very soul of a whole listening multitude the sublime and thrilling religious ecstasy of 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'" When Mr. Walker comes off the tight-rope, on which he does not dance at all well, he is agreeable reading.

Some clergymen, we believe, are occasionally guilty of the reprehensible practice of making their notes in haste on Saturday for next day's sermons. We should not care to read verbatim reports of those sermons, and still less should we be anxious to study the notes. But apparently the Rev. Atherton Knowles is determined that we shall read his notes, for his book is nothing but notes, which bear every sign of having been made in haste on Saturday for a musical sermon of the Haweis type next day. He is evidently under the impression that Burney is an authority on musical history, which, after all, is only what we expect of a musical clergyman; and he has got down Burney, and with Burney Hawkins, and from these dubious sources drawn up a skeleton sermon on (so far as we can discern) the history of Anglican Church music. As a skeleton sermon it may be useful, but certainly it is useless for any other purpose. It is a little too late in the day to quote Burney's opinions on our early composers; and as for the later ones, no English church-composer who lived after Purcell wrote half a dozen bars worth hearing, and we are not inclined to except the great Wesley from this condemnation.

Frankly, we do not understand Mr. Raymond's book; frankly, also, we do not believe there is any one living who can. Can Mr. Raymond?

That Lady Dufferin's songs are of the greatest interest to her friends and family is a matter we do not venture to doubt. But we hardly think they possess sufficient vitality to enable them to survive in an age of Mascagnis; for they have no more of poetry than Mascagni, and are without the sheer brutal force that makes him popular. The music set to them is for the most part poor enough; and we hardly know which we like least, those which Lady Dufferin composed (we should not like to say remembered) or the old melodies which various persons have arranged in a colourless way to fit her "words."

Dr. Riemann's catechism is, briefly, the most excellent work dealing with its subject which we have yet met with. Why he calls it a catechism is not so clear as the book itself; for it contains no questions and answers, after the manner of most catechisms, but is simply a singularly lucid statement of some of the most abstruse matters connected with musical aesthetics. And, save for the title, it pretends to be nothing else.

Fresh editions of Mr. Prout's "Harmony" succeed one another so fast that a review of one is hardly written before the next awaits the reviewer. It deserves its success, for it is the clearest and least pedantic treatise on harmony extant.

We have also received a new edition of George Gissing's "In the Year of Jubilee" (Lawrence & Bullen); "Rob Roy" and "The Black Dwarf," forming vols. 7, 8, and 9 of Constable's reprint of the Waverley Novels; "King Henry V.," "King Richard III.," in Dent's Temple Shakespeare; "Old Margaret," by Henry Kingsley (Ward, Lock); "Romola," vol. 1, William Blackwood's Standard Edition of George Eliot; second revised and illustrated edition of "Chinese Characteristics," by Arthur H. Smith (Kegan Paul); "The Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church regarded from a Churchman's Point of View," by Edward Shears (Kegan Paul); "Lean's Royal Navy List" (Witherby & Co.); vol. viii. of "English Men of Letters," containing "Defoe" by W. Minto, "Sterne" by H. D. Traill, "Hawthorne" by Henry James (Macmillan); "Lawn Tennis," by Wilfred Baddeley, with illustrations, in the "Oval" series of games (Routledge); "A Working Man's View of Disestablishment and Disendowment," by Henry J. Roberts (S.P.C.K.); "England v. Australia," the story of the test matches, by J. N. Pentelow (Arrowsmith); "A Manual of Book-keeping," by J. Thornton (Macmillan).

## REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

IF any man is peculiarly favoured to command attention at this moment, the man is surely the first officer "belonging to the nations of European civilization," who has been through a great action fought under modern conditions, Commander McGiffin. The account of the Yalu battle, which he contributes to the "Century," will thrill the ordinary reader with a novel interest, and the expert has already pounced upon it. Captain Mahan sees in Commander McGiffin's story fresh proofs of some of his chief points, the absurdity of hampering the commander-in-chief, the man on the spot, with instructions from a distance, and the superiority of offence over defence, in the broadest acceptance of these terms. Dr. Nordau answers his critics. He never meant that there had not been spiritual epidemics before, or that such insanity was always caused by intellectual over-exertion; but the present outbreak is especially important, and was brought on by the extraordinarily rapid progress of the last sixty years. Again, all men of genius are not degenerates, though they are anomalies. A work of art is degenerate if its ideals and emotions are incompatible with the preservation of the individual and the species. An artist who paints everything green is colour-blind, that is to say, he is not completely equipped for the struggle for existence, therefore his work is degenerate. But it still remains to be proved that an artist paints green pictures really and originally because he "sees all things green." Dr. Nordau says that a man who does not see (and therefore paint) all things in their true colours is degenerate. It would, then, scarcely be an exaggeration to declare that not a single picture by the recognized giants among old masters is the work of a healthy undegenerate man—every painter has his scheme of colour. Dr. Nordau may be quite right in objecting to the scheme employed by the three artists he mentions, degenerate may even be a fitting epithet; but its fitness can hardly be demonstrated by the arguments he uses in this last paragraph of his article.

It will be a relief when the one-idea'd Mr. Lang has got over Jeanne d'Arc; she manages to appear even in the comments on Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream," which he contributes to "Harper's." Folk-lore and spiritualism, which also play an important part in his comments, are probably too ingrained in the soul of Mr. Lang to allow us any hope of his recovery. The illustrations in the article are by Mr. Abbey. Mr. Thomas Wharton's "Bobbo" is a pretty story, nothing very tremendous, and probably the American magazines could get quite a number of stories equally good; but it would be a rare thing for an English writer of short stories to give us anything so graceful—he would as often as not be attacking some subject far too big to receive adequate treatment at his hands in a few pages. Mr. Julian Ralph is delightful in his "Everyday Scenes in China." Mr. Poultney Bigelow deals with Queen Louise and Napoleon in his chapters on "The German Struggle for Liberty."

Mr. Edwin W. Pugh manages his cockney dialect better in "Chapman's Magazine" than in the "New Review." In his "Eurus" the dialect serves a proper purpose in the story itself; it marks a valuable contrast, while in "The Anterior Time" it served no purpose, and contrasted only with something outside the story, namely, the literary language in which it was told by the cockney himself—and this wilful little bit of joking was carried further than it was worth. The story of Mr. Eden Phillpott's "Demon Conger" is as follows: A drunken fisherman on the way down to his boat knocks up against an old woman and she curses him as he starts out to fish. "Cast your line and catch your death!" How will the curse be fulfilled? He catches a huge conger who goes near killing him; he survives. "Dan had cast his line, but he had not caught his death so far as could be seen." How will it come about? Next day while eating a slice of this conger he chokes over a bone and dies. Miss Mary E. Wilkins contributes her £400 prize detective story.

There are two stories of reincarnation in the "Pall Mall Magazine," one of a white cat, the other of the Emperor Nero. Mr. Hichens is rather long and explanatory over his white cat, but quite horrible enough; the Nero idea is much bigger, and there is no end to its potentialities; but Mr. Astor has never once risen to his subject. The reason is that instead of writing himself he has given over his tale to a French officer of the Second Empire, and, of course, he can hardly be expected to know how to manage a story or write easy conversations in English without any *parbleus, que voulez-vous*, and so on. The Marchioness of Carmarthen's "Serenata" is not a hundred miles away from being a reincarnation story also; but the mystery is chiefly symbolical, and it is all very German, rather like the subject of a Wagner libretto, so that it is quite disturbing to hear the characters talk of Brahms. The original value of Mrs. Bancroft's "Cox and Box in the Engadine" lies in its truthness, and the authentic list of celebrated names at the end may perhaps atone for the nine pages of story.

The "North American Review" has two opposing views on Roman Catholicism. Father Zahn goes into raptures over the "Pope of the working-men and the great high-priest of our century," the "Holy Father who directs the social movement of our time." Mr. W. J. Traynor, President of the American

Protective Association is national, not altruistic, and declares that the Pope organizes labour, not for labour's sake but to obtain the balance of power in each political party, and that the liberty of America is threatened more by the "homœopathic liberalism" of Leo than it would be by any show of arrogance or tyranny on the part of the Papacy. Mr. Lang is a bore in his "Tendencies in Fiction," stupid gossip about problems and new women. The Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes recommends that Palestine should be restored to the Hebrew nation, and that it should be made the court of arbitration for all nations—thus there would be an end of war. It seems rather too much to ask the Hebrews to give up the profitable control of the world in order to keep other nations from wasting money over wars. Sir Charles Dilke says that the new Government will do nothing for protection, bimetallism, or Church schools.

Besides its fiction, "Scribner's" contains an article by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith on Mr. Abbey's pastels, with reproductions, and "Six Years of Civil Service Reform," by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.

*The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.*

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#### PREMIUM INCOME.

1884	£118,017
1885	130,057
1886	142,864
1887	153,384
1888	173,543
1889	207,575
1890	243,889
1891	274,969
1892	289,406
1893	306,334
1894	335,282
1895	310,086

The premium income of a Life Office is the measure of its popularity and progress, and in the period under review the income of the BRITISH WORKMAN'S AND GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY has been more than quadrupled.

#### Standing in the Front Rank.

This Company is comparatively young, but there are not eight Life Offices in the United Kingdom which have so large an income. The progress has been marvellous, and this is to be explained by the liberality of the management towards the policyholders. No other company has distributed an equal amount of benefits for the same amount of premiums paid. No other Industrial Life Office has treated its members with equal consideration in the matter of surrender values. The BRITISH WORKMAN'S is an ideal Industrial Office.

#### The Ordinary Department.

The business in this department is highly satisfactory; 2,923 new policies have been issued, assuring the sum of £232,766 at an annual premium of £12,330. In this branch, apart from the Industrial, the net premium income for the year reached the solid figure of £42,790, and the accumulated funds increased from £92,000 to £113,711. The ordinary department is growing in importance at a rapid rate, and its development—which is well assured—will contribute largely to the future success of the company.

BRITISH WORKMAN'S & GENERAL ASSURANCE Co., Ltd.

LONDON—City Offices, 2 WEST STREET, Finsbury Pavement.

Chief Offices, BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

Managing Director—H. PORT.



## AMUSEMENTS.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

ADMISSION DAILY ONE SHILLING.  
AFRICA IN LONDON.  
THE MOST REALISTIC NOVELTY EVER PRODUCED IN LONDON.  
AFRICAN (SOMALI) NATIVE VILLAGE.  
AFRICAN OSTRICH FARM.  
AFRICAN LOAN COLLECTION.  
SOMALI HORSE RACES.  
SOMALI DROMEDARY RACES.  
SOMALIS RIDING OSTRICHES.  
SOMALIS THROWING SPEARS.  
SOMALIS RIDING BICYCLES.  
SOMALI SHAM FIGHT.

Somali Native Display daily at 3.30 and 5.30. Extra displays on Thursday and Saturday at 7.0. Thousands of One Shilling seats. Promenade Sixpence.

## BRITISH MUSEUM.

Evening Opening (8 to 10 P.M.). Exhibition Galleries of the British Museum, Bloomsbury, will again be open to the public in the evening, from 8 to 10 o'clock, on and after Monday, August 12th.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, Principal Librarian and Secretary.  
British Museum, 6th August, 1895.

## EDUCATIONAL.

## GUYS HOSPITAL RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE.—

Early application should be made to secure rooms for the Winter Session. Rent from 10s. to 16s. a week.—Apply to the WARDEN, The College, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

## ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

Incorporated by Royal Charter.

Principal and Dean :  
Prof. McFADYEN, M.B., B.Sc., M.R.C.V.S.

SESSION, 1895-96.

The SESSIONAL COURSE OF INSTRUCTION will commence on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2nd. The chair will be taken by LORD HOUGHTON, and the INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS delivered by PROFESSOR PENBERTHY, F.R.C.V.S., at One p.m.

Students are required to attend Four Complete Courses of Instruction before being eligible for examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

The College Entrance Fee is Eighty Guineas, the payment of which confers the right of attendance on all the Lectures and Colleague Instructions. The Fee may be paid in four instalments, viz., Twenty Guineas on Entry, Twenty Guineas at the end of the first period of Study, Twenty Guineas at the end of the second period of Study, and Twenty Guineas at the end of the third period of Study. The first instalment must, with a Fee of One Guinea towards the Library and Reading Room Fund, be paid prior to entry, and a further Fee of 10s. 6d. to this Fund will be charged annually.

The Matriculation Examination will be held at the ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W., on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of September.

The Obligatory Subjects will be English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid (Books I., II., III.), Latin, and either a modern Foreign Language or Greek, or Logic.

Candidates are required to forward their names, together with the Examination fee of Twenty-five Shillings, to the Secretary of the College, not later than August 24th.

Four Prizes of the value of £20 each, to be called "Centenary Prizes," will be awarded annually to the most efficient Student in each of the Four Classes. Besides the Coleman Prize Medals, Class Medals and Certificates of Merit are given in each division of the Students' studies.

Certificates of Distinction are likewise conferred on Students who pass a superior examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

The College Calendar will be forwarded on application to

RICHARD A. N. POWYS,  
Secretary.

## THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Tuesday, October 1st.

The Hospital is the largest general hospital in the kingdom, and contains nearly 800 beds. Number of in-patients last year, 9,703; out-patients, 128,315; accidents, 12,733.

Surgical operations daily. Major operations in 1894, 1,778.

Appointments:—Forty qualified resident appointments are made annually. Dressers, clinical, post-mortem clerks, and maternity assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board.

Scholarships and Prizes.—Entrance Scholarships, value £120, £60, £60, £35, £30 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September.—Numerous Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

Fees—120 guineas in one payment, or 120 guineas by instalments. A reduction of 15 guineas is allowed to the sons of members of the profession.

Luncheons or dinners at moderate charges can be obtained in the Students' Club. The Students' Clubs Union, embracing all the Scientific, Social, and Athletic Clubs, are available to all Students. The Clubs Union Ground is at Lower Edmonton.

The Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, East London, and South-Eastern Railway Stations are close to the Hospital and College.

For further information apply, personally or by letter, to

MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

## ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.

The WINTER SESSION of 1895-96 will open on WEDNESDAY, October 2nd, when the prizes will be distributed at 3 p.m. by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

Three Entrance Scholarships will be offered for competition in September, viz.: One of £150 and one of £60, in Chemistry and Physics, with either Physiology, Botany, or Zoology, for first year's students; one of £50 in Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry for third year's students.

Scholarships and money prizes of the value of £300 are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as well as several medals.

Special classes are held throughout the year for the Preliminary Scientific, and Intermediate M.B. Examinations of the University of London.

All hospital appointments are open to students without charge.

The School Buildings and the Hospital can be seen on application to the Medical Secretary.

The fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made separately to lectures or to hospital practice, and special arrangements are made for students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for dental students and for qualified practitioners.

A register of approved lodgings is kept by the Medical Secretary, who also has a list of local medical practitioners, clergymen, and others who receive students into their houses.

For prospectuses and all particulars apply to Mr. Rendle, the Medical Secretary.  
G. H. MAKINS, Dean.

## MASON COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

SESSION 1895-96.

THE SESSION WILL COMMENCE ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1st. Complete Courses of Instruction are provided for the various Examinations in Arts and Science and the Preliminary Scientific (M.B.) Examination of the University of London; for Students of Civil, Mechanical, or Electrical Engineering; and for those who desire to obtain an acquaintance with some branch of applied science. Students may, however, attend any class or combination of classes.

There is also a Faculty of Medicine. A Syllabus containing full particulars is published by Messrs. Cornish, New Street, Birmingham. Price 6d.; by post 7d.

A SYLLABUS of the Faculties of Arts and Science, containing full information as to the various lecture and laboratory courses, lecture days and hours, fees, entrance and other scholarships, prizes, &c., is published by Messrs. Cornish, New Street, Birmingham. Price 6d.; by post 8d.

Further information may be obtained on application.

R. S. HEATH, Principal.  
GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary and Registrar.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will BEGIN on Tuesday, October 1st, 1895.

Students can reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the collegiate regulations.

The Hospital contains a service of 720 beds. Scholarships and Prizes of the aggregate value of nearly £900 are awarded annually.

The Medical School contains large Lecture Rooms and well-appointed Laboratories for Practical Teaching, as well as Dissecting Rooms, Museum, Library, &c.

A large Recreation Ground has recently been purchased, and was formerly opened last summer.

For further particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

## TRAVELLING, or Holiday Tutorship or Mastership

Wanted by a Graduate of Selwyn College, Cambridge. Speaks German, and has good knowledge of French.—Address, W. S. ROUSE, Rectory, Rayleigh.

## WOOLWICH and SANDHURST.—WALTER WREN,

M.A., Cambridge, PREPARES PUPILS. The latest references are to parents, &c., of pupils who passed 2nd, 7th, 13th 16th, 28th, 31st, 36th, 39th, and 58th. The special characteristic of Mr. Wren's system of military education is the preparation of candidates for both the open competitive and the coming-out examination, so as to secure R.E. for Woolwich candidates.—Address till September 10th, Astley House, Staveley Road, Eastbourne.

## HEWETSONS

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,  
LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF ENGLISH CARVED

OAK FURNITURE  
IN THE WORLD.

## HEWETSONS NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

is the best and most complete Furnishing Guide published, and is forwarded free of charge. It contains ESTIMATES for FURNISHING HOUSES for £150—£300—£500—£1000, &c., each article in detail, illustrated and priced.

DECORATING.—HEWETSONS give ESTIMATES free of charge for PAINTING and all kinds of Interior Decorations, Structural Alterations, Sanitary Work, Electric Lighting, &c.

HEWETSONS are showing their new designs and colourings of AXMINSTER, WILTON, SAXONY, and BRUSSELS for the Season.

BRUSSELS CARPET, 2s. 9d. per yard.

WILTON CARPET, 4s. 6d. per yard.

AXMINSTER CARPET, 5s. 9d. per yard.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING BOXES completely Furnished at three days' notice for £150, £300, &c., and delivered, carriage paid, to any railway station in Great Britain.

## HEWETSONS claim the attention of Families

Furnishing or replacing old carpets in their town or country houses to their large stock of English and Foreign Carpets, all of which are good value, none being purchased from manufacturers of inferior qualities.

All Goods exceeding £2 in value CARRIAGE PAID to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

Estimates Free for Electric Light Installations and Fittings.

HEWETSONS, TOTTENHAM COURT RD.,  
LONDON, W.

The List of Applications will open on Tuesday, the 13th day of August, 1895, and close on or before Wednesday, the 14th day of August, 1895, for Town and Country.

# HARROD'S STORES, LIMITED.

*Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1886, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.*

**CAPITAL - - £281,400.**

**Divided into 140,000 Ordinary Shares, and 1400 Founders' Shares of £1 each (the whole of which have been allotted and are fully paid).**

**28,000 Cumulative £5 per cent Preference Shares of £5 each.**

*(£100,000 five per cent Debentures have been issued.)*

**Issue of the above 28,000 Cumulative 5 per cent Preference Shares of £5 each.**

The Preference Shares will be entitled, out of the profits of the Company, to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of £5 per cent per annum, payable half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st September.

The first payment of interest will be made on the 1st March next, and will be calculated from the dates of payment. The Preference Shares will also be entitled to rank in respect of both Capital and Interest on the assets of the Company in priority to the Ordinary and Founders' Shares.

The whole of the 28,000 Preference Shares of £5 each are now offered for Subscription at £5 12s. 6d. each, payable as follows:—

**£1 per Share on Application, £2 on Allotment, £2 12s. 6d. on 1st October next.**

## Directors.

A. J. NEWTON, J.P. (Chairman).  
JAMES BAILEY, M.P.  
HERBERT BENNETT.

EDGAR COHEN.  
F. H. HARVEY-SAMUEL.  
WM. MENDEL.

RICHARD BURBIDGE (Managing Director).

## Bankers.

THE CITY BANK, LIMITED, Knightsbridge Branch, London, S.W.; Threadneedle Street, E.C.; and Branches.

## Solicitors.

Messrs. MCKENNA & Co., 17 and 18 Basinghall Street, E.C., and 3 Princes Street, W.

## Auditors.

Messrs. HAYS, AKERS & HAYS, 11 Abchurch Lane, E.C.

## Secretary.

A. C. WRIGHT.

## Registered Offices.

101-5 BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

## PROSPECTUS.

THE Company was incorporated in November, 1889, and took over the business as from the 2nd December then following.

The rate of progress of the business is shown by the following statement of Net Profits earned during the past five years, taken from the published Balance Sheets of the Company:—

1890 (13 months).	1891.	1892.
£13,519 2s. 5d.	£16,071 12s. 5d.	£21,161 3s. 11d.
1893.	1894.	
£20,786 6s. 3d.	£37,404 15s. 6d.	

The Profits for 1893 included £2082 10s. 0d. received from Debenture Premiums, and for 1894 £4362 17s. 0d. was included from the same source.

The Balance Sheet for the half year ending 30th June, 1895, shows a further increase of net profit of upwards of £5000 over the profits for the corresponding period of 1894.

According to the certified balance sheets, the above results were obtained after providing for repairs to premises, for depreciation of fixtures, &c., sinking fund for leases, and redemption of and interest on Debentures, and on deposit and current accounts. In addition to these provisions, the sum of £6148 7s. 10d. (invested in Bank of England Stock) has been allocated out of the before-mentioned net profits to Reserve in accordance with the Memorandum of Association of the Company.

Since the establishment of the Company there has been expended to 30th December, 1894, a sum of upwards of £140,000 in the acquisition of additional premises, the purchase of leases, the outlay on new buildings and improvements, on plant, fixtures, horses, vans, &c., including the purchase of the Company's Freehold Depository and about ten acres of Freehold Land at Barnes, and in the adaptation of the same to the Company's requirements.

To pay the dividend on the Preference Shares, the annual sum of £7000 will be required.

As stated in the Directors' report for last year, the Company's premises, notwithstanding the recent extensions, do not give sufficient accommodation for the increasing business of the stores, and to provide for further development, they have entered into an agreement to lease, for a term of ninety-nine years, an important plot of adjoining land, of which they have also secured the option to purchase the Freehold within two years. And as it is the intention of the Directors to erect premises of a very substantial character, they contemplate acquiring such Freehold. The residences now being built in the immediate neighbourhood will be of a character likely to further improve the business of the Stores.

The acquisition of this property, and the erection of the new premises, will give to the Stores, with the existing premises, a detached block of buildings covering a ground area of about 92,373 square feet

(2 acres 20 rods), unsurpassed for the purposes of a store business, with frontages representing about:—

186 feet in	Brompton Road.
387 "	" New Street,
292 "	" North Street, and
360 "	" Queen's Gardens.

three of which it is intended to utilize as shop-fronts, and the fourth, Queen's Gardens, for the reception and despatch of goods.

The new premises will abut on a new road 50 ft. wide, now in course of formation, which is to take the place of the old narrow thoroughfare known as North Street, and which it is obvious will make the site of great value to the Stores.

The principal objects of the present issue are: To provide funds for the purchase of the above-mentioned Freehold Site, and the building of the New and extensive Premises thereon (the intended elevations of which are sent herewith) which are now in course of construction, and towards the further development of the business.

After payment of the cost attendant on this issue, the balance of the premiums received will, in accordance with the resolution authorizing the issue, be carried to the Reserve Fund.

The following contract (mentioned in the original Prospectus on the formation of the Company) has been entered into, viz.:—A contract, dated 21st November, 1889, between CHARLES DIGBY HARROD, of the one part, and HARROD'S STORES LIMITED of the other part, and the following contracts have also since been entered into, viz.:—A contract dated the 31st December, 1891, between ARTHUR ELLEY FINCH and THOMAS EDWARD JENNINGS of the one part, and HARROD'S STORES LIMITED of the other part; a contract, dated the 1st May, 1893, between WILLIAM WATKINS of the one part, and HARROD'S STORES LIMITED of the other part; and a Contract, dated the 19th December, 1894, between BELGRAVIA ESTATE LIMITED of the one part, and HARROD'S STORES LIMITED of the other part.

There have also been numerous other contracts entered into during the Company's existence relating to the leases and purchase of premises, the purchase and sale of goods, the engagement of employes, and other matters; and there are also contracts for payment of commission, and other expenses in connection with the present issue; and all applicants for the Preference Shares shall be deemed to have full notice of all such contracts, and to have waived any obligation to set forth the dates thereof, or the names of the parties thereto, either under the 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

Application will be made for a settlement and quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

Applications for Shares should be made on the accompanying form, and forwarded to the City Bank, Limited, or their branches, with a remittance of the amount of the deposit.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the offices of the Company, from the Bankers, and from the Solicitors.

LONDON, August 10th, 1895.



The Subscription List will close on or before Saturday the 10th August, 1895, for both Town and Country.

# WEINERS, LIMITED,

LONDON, PARIS, AND VIENNA.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1893, whereby the Liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

**CAPITAL - - - - £65,000.**

Divided into 15,000 Six per cent Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 50,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

THE Preference Shares will be entitled out of the profits to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 6 per cent per annum, payable half-yearly on the 1st February and 1st August in every year, and they will also be entitled to rank in respect of Capital and Dividend on the Property and Assets of the Company in priority to the Ordinary Shares. The first Dividend will be calculated from the dates of payment of the Instalments.

It is not in contemplation to create any Debenture Debt or Mortgages, so that the Preference Shares will be the first capital charge upon the undertaking, and no Debenture Debt or Mortgages can be created without a Resolution of the Preference Shareholders present at an Extraordinary Meeting called for the purpose.

The Vendors have stipulated for an allotment of the maximum number of Shares which they can hold under the rules (where a quotation is desired) of the Stock Exchange, viz., one-third of the capital of the Company, and subscriptions at par for the remaining 43,334 Shares (viz., 15,000 Preference and 28,334 Ordinary), will be received by the City Bank, Limited, 34 Holborn Viaduct, E.C., the Head Offices and Branches, payable as follows:

5s. per Share on application, 5s. per Share on allotment, 10s. per Share twenty-one days after allotment.

## Directors.

HENRY BURTON, Esq. (Proprietor of the Partington Advertising Company), Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.

J. DE LARA COHEN, Esq., Bath Road, Bedford Park, W. (Director, De Mare Incandescent Gas-Light System, Ltd.).

J. H. MACE, Esq., (Director, London Road Car Company, Limited), London.

J. WEINER, Esq., 72 Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. (Managing Director, London).

\*JACOB WEINER, Esq., 17 Lenuagasse, Vienna (Managing Director, Vienna).

\* Will join the Board after Allotment.

Bankers—THE CITY BANK, Limited, 34 Holborn Viaduct, E.C., Head Offices and Branches.

Broker—DAVID RUSSELL, Esq., 4 Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

Solicitors—Messrs. CAVE & CO., 4 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. Auditors—Messrs. DAVIES, TAIT & CO., Chartered Accountants, 46 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., and 168 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Secretary—H. H. RUSHTON, Esq.

Offices (Pro tem.)—34 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

## PROSPECTUS.

THIS COMPANY has been formed for the purpose of acquiring as a going concern, carrying on and extending the business of the private Company of J. Weiner, Limited, Artistic Lithographers, Pictorial Placard Printers, Show Card Manufacturers, &c., carried on at Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., and at 9 Rue Bergère, Paris, and also the similar business of Mr. Jacob Weiner, of Vienna.

The original business has been established for upwards of thirty-five years, and the particular line of trade followed is that of Lithographic and General Printers, a specialty being all kinds of lithographic and letterpress printing as applied to advertising, and particularly the large pictorial posters so much in use at theatres, exhibitions, and by commercial firms. Examples of the Firm's work are to be seen on almost every hoarding in and around London, and more or less all over the world. Last year the Firm's exhibit at the International Exhibition du Livre (English Section), held at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, was awarded the First Prize (Medal and Diploma).

The London works and premises, at Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., are held on lease, 15½ years of which are unexpired, at a rental of £150 per annum, with option to determine same at March, 1897, by which time it is confidently expected that it will be necessary to obtain much larger premises to cope with the rapidly increasing business.

The Firm in Vienna has the monopoly for the whole of Vienna and Suburbs for advertising on columns and iron standards, specially erected in the street for that purpose. This in itself brings a large trade to the Firm; as, besides forming for them an excellent advertisement, it secures a large preponderance of the printing posted on the columns. In addition the Firm has a large number of hoardings for advertising purposes similar to those used in England, and holds large Government Contracts which have been continually placed in their hands for many years.

The works and premises in Vienna will be held by the Company on a lease from June 24th, 1895, for 50 years, at the moderate rental of £200 per annum.

The Paris offices are situated at 9 Rue Bergère, opposite the Bank Comptoir d'Escompte, which is a very central trading locality, and admirably suited to the business.

In order to continue the business without interruption on the basis which has proved so successful in the past, Mr. Joseph Weiner, the present manager of the London business, and Mr. Jacob Weiner, the proprietor of the Vienna business, will enter into an agreement with the Company to act as Managing Directors for a period of seven years. In the continuance of the management on the old lines lies one of the securities for the continued success of the business, and for its increased prosperity. The number of hands employed averages about 130.

The premises have been inspected by Mr. W. J. H. Sloan, of Hanson Sloan & Co., Land Agents and Surveyors, of 18 Wool Exchange, E.C., and the following is his report:

18 WOOL EXCHANGE, BASINGHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C., 15th July, 1895.

To the Directors WEINERS, LIMITED, LONDON, PARIS, AND VIENNA.

GENTLEMEN,

In accordance with instructions I visited the establishments of Mr. Jacob Weiner, at Vienna, and Messrs. J. Weiner (Limited), at Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, and beg to report as follows:

I found the premises situated at 17 Lenuagasse to be of exceptional character. The building is in an excellent business position, and can be seen from almost any part of the city, it being one of the highest structures, next to the Government Offices, in Vienna. The portion occupied by Mr. Jacob Weiner, and used by him for his Lithographic and Printing Business, consists of the ground floor, basement, and first floor. The lease has 50 years to run, at a rental of £200 per annum, which I consider very moderate.

I went carefully through the premises, and found them well adapted for the business. The whole of the machinery is on the ground floor, and the artists are at work in a gallery around the building, thus enabling Mr. Weiner, whose office is at the end of the gallery, to see everything that is going on without getting up out of his seat.

I checked the plant, machinery, stock, as per the inventory placed in my hands, and I found everything mentioned therein was in existence on the premises, and in actual use. I may point out that three of the lithographic machines are of the largest type made, 60 in. by 40 in. The plant includes a dynamo and accumulators for lighting the premises with electric light, and two horizontal compound engines of 18 horse-power to drive the machinery.

I also inspected the iron advertising columns and standards belonging to the Firm, and spread over the different parts of the city. These are circular in shape, and are constructed of very handsome ironwork. They are about 10 ft. high and 1 yard in diameter, and are divided into panels suitable for taking different sizes of advertisements. These columns are prominently situated in the principal thoroughfares, such as the Ringstrasse, the Prater, &c.

Since my return from Vienna I have visited the premises at Acton Street, and found them of substantial structure, every inch of space being fully occupied. As to the plant, machinery, &c., I found everything mentioned in the inventory on the premises in use and in excellent condition. I am of opinion that the value of £21,500 placed upon the machinery, plant, &c., on both of the above-named premises is very reasonable, and is certainly under the value of going concerns. I consider the value of the leasehold premises to be not less than £5,145.

Regarding the work turned out, it is of the highest quality. The posters which I saw in and around Vienna were in excellent style, and every example of work which I examined was of the finest character. As to the work of the London firm there is scarcely any need for me to report, as I find specimens of their posters on almost every hoarding. The following are well known:—The much-admired poster of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway representing

one of their Channel paddle-boats, is in itself a work of art, and admitted to be by those connected with the trade one of the most artistic placards ever exhibited on the hoardings of London. The large poster advertising Moore and Burgess Minstrels is one of the largest used. The Alhambra poster of the "Wrestlers," I am informed, was actually turned out in four and a half days from the placing of the order, which is a feat, adds my informant, that cannot be matched by any other firm in London. I have also noticed that the posters, showcards, &c., advertising "The Passport" at Terry's Theatre, together with some of the posters advertising the Orient at Olympia and "Charley's Aunt" (W. S. Penley, Globe Theatre), were executed by this firm. I also found that in the provinces there is an abundant display of the firm's work, including London companies on tour, and also many other well-known commercial firms.

Finally, I would like to convey to you the pleasure it has given me to inspect these works. In all my experience I have never come across works where cleanliness and order were more conspicuous. The machinery is well looked after, and is maintained in splendid condition, and everything is done to ensure the work being turned out tastefully and economically.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant, W. J. H. SLOAN.

The books have been examined by Mr. E. Hamilton Burton, Chartered Accountant, of London, and his certificate is as follows:

16 ST. HELEN'S PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

To the Directors of WEINERS, LIMITED. 24th July, 1895.

I have examined the Books of J. Weiner, Limited, kept at 72 Acton Street, London, W.C., and the certified balance sheets of Mr. J. Weiner, of Vienna, sworn to officially, and stamped and sealed by the British Consul in Vienna, for the last three years, and hereby certify the net profits made as disclosed therein, after allowing for depreciation, &c., were as follows:

	£	s.	d.
1892	24548	11	8
1893	25933	0	2
1894	26866	3	5

I am, Gentlemen, yours obediently, E. HAMILTON BURTON, Chartered Accountant.

Taking the net profits of £9988 3s. 5d. as a basis, without any further increase, there will be required to pay 6 per cent interest on 15,000 Preference Shares £900 7 per cent interest on 50,000 Ordinary Shares £1500

Total £4400

leaving a surplus of £2466 for additional dividends, Management Expenses, and reserve.

It will thus be seen that the present net profit covers the amount required for payment of interest on the Preference Shares seven times over.

From the certificate of Mr. Hamilton Burton it will be seen that the net profits are steadily increasing (the profits for the six months ending 30th June, 1895, are in excess of the corresponding period of last year), and the great vitality of the business and the existing capabilities of expansion point to its becoming still more successful in the future, pictorial advertising being so largely on the increase.

The customers of the business comprise firms of world-wide fame, among those best known in England being Messrs. Blondeau et Cie. (Vinolia Soap); The American Cereal Company (Quaker Oats); Horton and Automatic Ices, Limited; Star Tea Company, Limited; The Partington Advertising Company; The London, Chatham, & Dover Railway Company; Messrs. Tubbs, Lewis & Co.; North German Lloyd Steamship Company, &c. The theatrical connection—as will be seen from the photograph enclosed with the prospectus—is a most important and profitable one, including W. S. Penley, Esq. ("Charley's Aunt"); Sir Augustus Harris; J. L. Toole, Esq.; Henry Dana, Esq. ("The Passport"); A. Melville, Esq.; Willie Edouin, Esq.; Strand Theatre; Opera Comique; Moore and Burgess Minstrels; Olympia; Earl's Court Exhibition, and many of the leading Touring Companies and Music Halls, as the Alhambra, the Empire, &c.

The price to be paid for the whole of the properties acquired by the Company is £58,000, of which the Vendors agree to take £21,666 in Ordinary Shares in part payment of the purchase money, and the balance, as to £12,000 in cash, and as to the remainder in cash, or partly in cash and partly in shares, at the option of the Company. Such price is made up as follows:

Plant and Machinery (as per Valuation)	£24,500
Stock and Book Debts	7,100
Leasehold Premises (as per Valuation)	5,145
Goodwill	21,255
	£58,000

The business, together with the benefit of all contracts made and profits accruing, will be transferred, free of all liabilities, to the Company from the 15th July, 1895, less interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum to date of completion of purchase.

A contract has been entered into, dated the 3rd day of August, 1895, for the sale of the businesses, and is made between J. Weiner, Limited, and Jacob Weiner, by their attorney Joseph Weiner of the first part, Joseph Weiner of the second part, Herbert Henry Rushton of the third part, and Charles Frederick Flack, as Trustee for Weiners, Limited, of the fourth part.

The Vendors, who are the promoters of the Company, will provide all the preliminary expenses of the formation and promotion of the Company, and the subscription of its capital up to the first allotment of shares, and they have reserved the right to enter into, and have entered into, arrangements for these purposes. There are also various Trade Contracts, which are too numerous to specify. All applications will be received subject to the present notice being accepted as a full compliance with Section 36 of the Companies Act 1867, and applicants shall be deemed to have waived any further notice with respect to such arrangements and Contracts.

The Contract of 3rd August 1895, the Report of Mr. Sloan, the Accountant's Certificate, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company. The statements in the Prospectus other than those contained in the said Report and Certificate are made on the authority of the Vendors.

Applications for Shares must be made on a form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. In cases where no allotment is made the amount deposited on application will be returned at once without deduction. If the number of Shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the amount due on allotment, so far as necessary, and any balance will be returned.

It is intended to apply for a quotation or the Company's shares on the London Stock Exchange.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Broker, Auditors, and Solicitors, or of the Secretary, at the Office of the Company.

LONDON: August 7th, 1895.

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- 4.—To relieve, either by gifts or loans of money, deserving necessitous Deaf and Dumb persons.
- 5.—To encourage the early training of Deaf and Dumb children preparatory to their admission into Educational Institutions.

The Committee ask whether the reader will not, in grateful acknowledgment for the great blessing of hearing, give an ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION to this Society.

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